


RECREATIONS  
OF THE  
RABELAIS CLUB.

---

1882-1885





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RECREATIONS  
OF THE  
RABELAIS CLUB.

1882—1885.

‘Sursum Corda.’

---

PRINTED FOR THE MEMBERS.

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BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS GUILDFORD.

‘Unitam ita floreat hæc Societas ut in ea nostrates episcopi et omnes alii absolutissimum probitatis, modestiæ, humanitatis exemplar, veramque illam virtutis ideam habeant, in quam con-  
tuentes aut ad propositum sibi speculum se moresque suos componant aut (quod ait Persius) virtutem videant, intabescantque relictæ.’

*From the Dedicatory Epistle prefixed by Rabelais to his  
edition of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates.*

‘Or esbaudissez-vous, mes amours, et guayement lisez tout a l’aise du cors et au proufict des reins.’

*Livre Premier, Prologue de l’Auteur.*

00



*One hundred copies only of this volume have been  
issued.*

*This is copy No. 60*

*Walter H. H. H.*  
*W. H. H. H.*  
*S. G. C. Middlemore*

Hon.  
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## ERRATA.

- Page vi.—*For* ‘Dr. Butcher’ *read* ‘Dean Butcher.’  
 „ ix.—*For* ‘Hamilton Traill’ *read* ‘H. D. Traill.’  
 „ 11.—*For* ‘Xerxes’ *read* ‘Xeres.’  
       *For* ‘probity’ *read* ‘quality.’  
 „ 16, last line.—*For* ‘the’ *read* ‘thei.’  
 „ 24.—*For* *μον* *read* *μου*.  
 „ 28.—*For* ‘L’étude’ *read* ‘Les contes.’  
 „ 55.—*For* ‘G’ *read* ‘B.’  
 „ 61.—*For* ‘At a wof’ *read* ‘A want of.’  
 „ 100.—*For* *γυμνοσοφος* *read* *γυμνοσοφιστης*.  
       *For* *πυκλιαὶ* *read* *πυκιναὶ*.  
       *For* *χορῶν ἰαχῆ* *read* *κορῶν θιάσφ*.  
 „ 114, last line.—*Read* *ἰσθλὸν ἐῷσα*.

In the Greek verses, both in page 24 and page 114, the iota subscript has been omitted throughout.

E. D. J. WILSON.

ROBERT WILSON.

T. WOOLNER, R.A.

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## TO THE RABELAIS CLUB.

---

MANY thanks, my personally unknown brothers, intimates and very dear friends, for the "Recreations." I have grown perceptibly younger since bathing my soul in that Rabelaisian fountain of youth.

I sent you an extract from our Old Master's preface to his edition of the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates," which I am pleased to see you honour by giving it a conspicuous place in the volume.

I am little of a doctor, not having killed a patient for the last thirty years, but I have a partiality for my professional *confrères*, Messires Rabelais, Smollett, Goldsmith, and for another of them with whose name most of you are less familiar, good, wise, quaint, shrewd, chatty old Ambroise Paré. And I cannot think of anything in better keeping with the pleasant good humour of the stories and poems I have been rejoicing over than this little narrative, which may serve any of your poets a good turn if he has occasion to counter in the check of a critic :

"Je dirai que vous ressemblez à un ieune garçon bas Breton, bien fessu et materiel, qui demãda congé à son père de venir à Paris pour prendre France. Estant arriué, l'Organiste de nostre Dame le trouua à la porte du

Palais, qui le print pour souffler aux orgues, où il fut trois ans. Il veit qu'il parloit aucunement Frâçois, il s'en retourne vers son père et lui dit qu'il parloit bõne France, & d'avantage qu'il sçavoit bien iouër des orgues. Le père le receut, bien ioyeux de quoy il estoit en si peu de temps si sçavât : il s'en alla vers l'Organiste de leur grãde Eglise & le pria de permettre à son fils de iouër des orgues, à fin de sçauoir si son fils estoit bon maistre, ainsi qu'il disoit. Ce que le maistre Organiste accorda volõtiers. Estant entré aux orgues, il se ietta de plein sault aux soufflets. Le maistre Organiste luy dit qu'il iouast & que luy souffleroit : Alors ce bon Organiste luy dit qu'il ne sçauoit autre chose que souffler. Ie croy aussi, mon petit maistre que ne sçaez autre chose que caqueter en vne chaire : mais moy ie iouëray sur le clauier et feray resonner les orgues."

I will not spoil this by comment, but I think there is a dash of grandeur in this musical close with its triumphant self-assertion.

With kindest regards to all of you,

Faithfully yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, *January 21, 1882.*

## PAULO POST.

---

TO DR. O. W. HOLMES, ON HIS 75<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY.

---

On halting feet, all out of time,  
It comes, a month and more belated,  
Yet this one plea may save my rhyme,  
For living sight and speech it waited ;  
Sight long desired, at length attained,  
Speech heard in dreams, when those bright pages  
Made music for a mind o'erstrained  
By converse with less gentle sages.

At Cambridge, mother of this fair  
And valiant daughter here before me,  
When picking bones of learning bare  
At sundry times did somewhat bore me,

As oft in weary mood I sat  
And wished the sum of books were lesser,  
My monarch was the Autocrat,  
My chosen tutor the Professor.

Subject and learner now as then,  
As then I felt it, now I know it,  
And with full-grown Professor's pen  
Hail Autocrat, Professor, Poet :  
Take, wise and genial friend of man,  
Your readers' homage—ask not whether  
Of British or American,  
But English one and all together.

F. P.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,  
*Sept.* 30, 1884.

## SHOWMANSHIP TRIPOS.

---

<i>Moderator</i>	.	W. H. POLLOCK.
<i>Examiners.</i>	.	{ BRANDER MATTHEWS. GORDON WIGAN.

### PAPER I.

[9 TO 12.]

1. What are "the slangs"?—give dates, and draw a map.
2. What is, in your opinion, the best way of
  - (a) Vanishing a handkerchief?
  - (b) Ringing a whole pack?Give your reasons.
3. Explain the phrase, "The long flight." When was it first introduced, why, and by whom?
4. What is a good reason for Leotard's never having done the single-handed trapeze in public?
5. What are the duties of a young man who has joined a circus—
  - (a) As a star on trial?
  - (b) To do and learn what he can?



6. Where do most ring clowns come from, and what is the circus to which they and other circus people chiefly wish to be attached for a time?

(Sub-question) Why?

7. What do harlequins do in the summer season?

8. What is a *profonde*, and what was its original form and name?

9. Explain fully the term "Gobelets et Muscades," with instances.

10. What is the back-trick mentioned in "Twelfth Night"?

11. Describe and distinguish between the clock-leap, the lion-leap, and the barrel-leap.

12. Who was Mr. Seal?

13. Describe, with a diagram, the best kind of run-down.

14. Describe the *haute école* and the *manège*.

15. What precautions are taken, and how, in driving twenty-six-in-hand round the Crystal Palace Grounds?

## PAPER II.

[2 TO 4.]

1. What is a *tranko*?

2. Distinguish between a star and a vampire. What is the French name of the latter, and why?

3. Who invented the sliding trap, and for what piece?

4. What are mediums?

5. How is the fiery sword ignited in the 'Freyschütz'?  
Suggest a better method.

6. Explain the phrase *gratter au foyer*.

7. What is

(a) Haarpuder?

(b) Fettpuder?

Draw a map.

8. What is taking the nap?

9. How do you interpret the stage direction, 'blames him'?

10. What is a *servant*?

11. Describe the act known as *The Courier of St. Petersburg* in not more than twenty lines. Explain the name.

12. Where is the 'M'as-tu vu?' Explain the name.

13. What is a *battoute*? Describe the Barnum method of using it in connection with elephants.

14. What are the dingers? Describe and explain 'the pile of mags.'

15. 'Pete Jenkins.' Explain this phrase.

16. What is a *temps*?

17. *Monster—Monstre*. Describe exactly all the technical meanings of these words. Give dates.

18. 'Fake.'

Explain this expression fully in connection with

(a) Jugglery and legerdemain,

(b) Singing.

In each case draw a map, and give your reasons for doing so.

## THE PLUMBER AND THE PUBLISHER.

### A BALLAD OF THE TRADE.

THE Plumber and the Publisher  
Were walking hand in hand ;  
Said they : " The profits that we make  
Are most uncommon grand,  
But how we came to do the trick  
No man can understand."

The Plumber said : " Folk call me in  
To sort the gas and drains ;  
And then, to make things ten times worse,  
I gives my earnest pains,  
And drop my solder on the stairs,  
And smudge the wall with stains.

" I drive tin tacks through leaden pipes,  
All for the good of trade,  
Pick off cement and unhook traps,  
And let the world upbraid ;  
For, pal, you knows as well as me  
That *business* thus is made."

The Publisher, he rubbed his hands,  
And grinned a ghastly grin :

“ Why that is much the way,” says he,

“ I commonly begin ;

I reckon all expenses thrice

And so secure my tin.

“ I charge for my ‘ advertisements ’

As they were diamonds rare ;

The prices that the ‘ boarding ’ costs

Would make the binder stare ;

Paper and print would break the Mint :

Profits there’s none to spare.

“ And when I’ve won three thousand pounds,

Diffusing light to men,

And when he comes and claims his share—

The chap that held the pen—

I prove, by elegant accounts,

*He owes me seven pound ten.*

“ And when a book has paid *my* toll,

Which might exhaust the Mint,

And when the author’s turn should come,

Oh, then I take the hint,

And say to all inquirers : ‘ Ah !

*That work is out of print ! ’*”

The Plumber smiled a merry smile,

He was a merry man ;

Says he : “ No pan maligns the pot,

No pot reviles the pan ;

*You* are an honest tradesman,—*I’m*

An earnest artisan.”

A. L.

# AN ALPHABET.

BY

A DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

---

A is the answer a publisher sends ;  
B the Brave words that an author intends.  
C is the Curious state of affairs,  
That always Depreciates pen and ink wares.  
E is Excessively sorry to say  
Fine thought and expression at this time don't pay.  
G is the God to whom publishers pray ;  
H is the Place that will have 'em one day.  
I is the Ink-pot they hold when they shave ;  
J is the Judas-like smile that they have.  
K is the Knowledge for which they don't crave.  
L is the Lucre they make by the ton ;  
M is the Minds that they batten upon.  
N is the Nonsense they talk about books ;  
O is the Oiliness found in their looks.  
P is for Publisher, kindly and sage ;  
Q for the Queries he marks on the page.



R stands for various actionable expressions ;

S for the Simpleton who utters them.

T is for Tyranny mingled with guile ;

U for Unusual sweetness of smile.

V is the Virtue a Villain pretends ;

W the Wealth he extracts from his friends.

X, but for one reason, would, of course, stand for Xerxes.

Y, is because, of late, many virtuous people (and where  
shall virtue be found if not among publishers ?)  
have taken to drinking nothing stronger than  
Apollinaris.

Z is the Zum of their vices, though their probity varies.

## ANOTHER ALPHABET.

BY

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

---

A is an 'Andle to somebody's name ;  
B 's for the Book that is writ by the same.  
C 's for the Cheque that the 'andle commands ;  
D for the Difference left in my hands.  
E 's the Emolument for commoners fit ;  
F is the Fuss that they make about it.  
G is the Gold that from authors' brains comes ;  
H is for Heaven that smiles on the sums.  
I 's for Insatiable ; likewise Inept ;  
J 's the shrewd Judgment that never has slept ;  
K is for Kontract that never was kept.  
L 's for Laus Deo, in thanks for my gains ;  
M is for Money that smells not nor stains.  
N is for Never was such a good man ;  
O is for ' Overs,' a capital plan,  
P for the Power our trade-books to scan.

Q is for Quixote, the type of our band ;  
R 's for the Records all ready to hand ;  
S for Successful attempts to look bland.  
T 's for the Troublesome creatures who say,  
That ' Under this contract you really must pay.'  
V for the Vengeance I'll compass one day ;  
W for Wanity, apt to betray.  
X might, but for one objection, stand for Xerxes,  
Y is because most limited my acquaintance with classical  
works is ;  
And with a Z, for all I know, may be the proper way to  
spell Zerxes.

[For Private Circulation only.]

## FRAGMENTUM

EX ITINERIBUS JOANNIS DE MAUNDEVILE, EQ.  
AURAT., HACTENUS DEPERDITUM, NUNC  
VERO PRIMUM PER FRATREM MINIMUM  
QUENDAM FRANCISCANUM CORAM CLARIS-  
SIMA HAC SOCIETATE IN LUCEM PRODITUM.

---

It scarce needs, by way of apology for the time and place of presenting this newly discovered fragment, to point out the Pantagruelic affinities of Sir John Maundevile's *Voiage and Travaile*. To those who are conversant with the text of the Master they must be palpably apparent.

The editor would even suggest that there is more herein than affinity or coincidence (which, peradventure, the learned have already done ; for he confesseth himself much ignorant of their commentaries and elucubrations on the *Pantagruelic Chronicle*, and having but scant leisure to refresh himself with its wisdom, he saith in his own case, under favour of the curious and without prejudice to their exertions, *Melius est petere fontes quam*

*sectari rivulos*). That the book of Sir John Maundevile (whether truly writ by such a man or no, whereof is, as we have heard, some doubt) was one of the most popular books of the Middle Ages, is notorious. § That our Master Rabelais might have had knowledge of the French original thereof, in print (for the English was after the French) is likewise matter of evidence. And it is observable (to say nothing of monsters and adventures in general, whereof all story was then full) that the topographies, or as one should rightlier say, utopies, of both the voyages of Maundevile and the voyage of Pantagrue do singularly affect islands. For in the book of Maundevile, when once the relator hath quitted Damascus, where I am apt to think was the uttermost limit of his true journeying, we may read much of ‘Yles abouten Inde,’ of ‘the Yle of Lamary,’ ‘the Yles that ben beyonde the Lond of Cathay,’ ‘the Yle of Bragma,’ and the like ; which how far it be derived from sincere but disordered narrations of merchants from the Indian Archipelago, as the express mention of the ‘Yle of Java’ would by seeming betoken, the editor leaves (having of himself neither skill nor leisure for the questioning) to his more curious and fortunate companions. And that in the Fourth and Fifth Books of our Master the whole travelling of Pantagrue is among islands, from that named Medamothi onwards, it is enough in this company barely to put you in mind.

One thing more, while he is on this matter, the editor will conjecture ; namely, that the relation in Maundevile’s xxviijth chapter ‘of the Develes Hede in the

Valeye perilous' may well be thought to have moved our countryman John Bunyan (surely a great Pantagruelist for all his quaint Puritan's garb) to his describing the adventure of Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; but seeing it were tedious to rehearse in particular the points of similitude, this also shall remain for the better comparison and judgment of the discreet.

*Incipit Fragmentum.*

'In that Londe ben many Dragouns and Wormys. And there ben sum maner Serpentes which ben resonable and han Hedes and Visages as men; and sum of hem han two Hedes, sum three or fowr, sum seven and more; and men clefen hem on Grekys toung *bibliopolas*. Of these Serpentes ben sum, as I herd men seyn, which ben full wyse and courteous, and leden men wher thei fynden mochel Thresoure of Sylver and Gold. But the more part of hem ben foul and curst of kynd, and sleen men prively and al by sotyltee: and thei ben more gretter than Naddres, and fulle felonous. For witteth well that thei lepen not agen men nor sleen hem with stinging as Neddres don: but thei crepen softly upon hem fawning, and ryght so sucken thei out al hir braines and blood. And thei which han mo than seven Hedes ben ferser than other, and men clepen hem Lymyed. And whanne thei han welle eten of Mens flessch, thei waxen ryght passing fat, and men seyn ther ben of hem sum so grete, that an ercebisschop and a mass prest wel may ligen in hir Wombes, and han room ynow. But this have I not sene, therfor I avouche it not. And the

ben eke fulle fayne of here dovocioun and gon syngyng  
Psaumes ryght swetely. And sum men seyn ther is  
no maner wyse that a man schal avoyde the fury of  
these Serpentes. But that is not troth, and it is evyll  
don for to make sely men trowe so. For loke, the  
maner of this Worm is such, that if a man schal schewe  
hem a meke visage or semen any wise adrad of hem, the  
Worm schal al the mo fallen on him, and eftsones  
devowre his substance as befor is said. But thei that  
ben of an hygh Stomake, and wil schewen the Worm a  
stout Countenance, straightwaies schal the Wormes  
wrythen and cringen before hem, yea and will yeven up,  
that thei han ysucked. This is a grete myracle of God  
but ther ben founden scant few that perfourme hit, for  
lack of trewe feythe and corage among Cristene men on  
these daies. . . .'

## THE MASTER *v.* PUNCH.

---

LONDON }  
TO WIT. }

THE *Jurors* of our Master François Rabelais on their oath present that *Punch*, of Fleet Street, in the city of London, common jester, being a person of dull and perverse disposition, not having the fear of wisdom and humane letters before his eyes, but being moved and seduced at the instigation of the devil Dagon, and divers, to wit, thirty thousand cartloads of other devils, and contriving to disparage the due honour and renown of our said Master, on the 13th day of October, 1883, in Fleet Street aforesaid, with force and arms, did falsely, foolishly, stupidly, scurrilously, blockishly, lumpishly, and anti-pantagruelessly print and publish a certain wicked and seditious libel in which are contained (among other enormous, injurious, and seditious words) the words following, that is to say: 'What was Rabelais with all his works? A dirty-minded, scurrilous, blasphemous, witty, broadly humorous, and extravagantly grotesque clerical buffoon . . . It needs not a Pharisaical Purist to be disgusted with Rabelais in the original within the first hour's reading. Professor Morley flatters himself on having so dealt with the dirty old blackguard' (meaning our said Master)



that "having wiped his shoes at the door," he can enter, "to us all and speak in his own person" . . . Not all the perfumes of Arabia can make Rabelais sweet and clean and wholesome.'

And so the jurors aforesaid upon their oath aforesaid do say that the said *Punch* the said false, foolish, stupid, scurrilous, tedious, blockish, lumpish, pig-headed, beetle-headed, jolter-headed, addle-pated, lantern-jawed, wind-bellied, filthy, scatophagous, Philistinish, Popehawkish, Cockneyfied, monk-livered, misbegotten, apish, doltish, maw-wormish, foul-minded, purblind, sand-blind, snivelling, scurvy, wretched, lame, impotent, bald, flat, halting, dull, canting, puking, squeamish, nauseous, antipantagruelic, wicked and seditious libel, did print and publish in manner and form aforesaid, to wit, in Fleet Street aforesaid, on the day and year aforesaid, to the great displeasure of this honourable Club, in contempt of our said Master and his works, to the evil example of all others in the like case offending, and against the wisdom of our said Master, his renown and dignity.

. . . . . *Whereupon* all and singular the premises being seen and by the good Pantagruelists here fully understood, *It is considered* that the said *Punch* do remain and continue in the gaol of the said Dagon, lord of Philistia, and of the said thirty thousand cartloads of other devils, and in the anoyous, detestable, and horrible obfuscation of antipantagruelic darkness, from whence he cometh not out : and also that the said *Punch* be taken, deemed, and clearly adjudged to be out of the protection of our said Master and of our good lord Pantagruel, and to be for ever in-

capable in the law pantagruelic as well of receiving the issues and profitable fruit of the wit, wisdom, and humane learning generally contained in the books made by our said Master of the chronicles of the said lord, as more especially of all and every the blessings and benefits derived and to be derived by the true followers of our said Master from the Holy Bottle and the contents thereof.

Ho le vilain !

F. P.

[For Private Circulation only.]

## THE DAY IS COMING.

By W——M M——S.

---

COME hither, lads, and hearken, for a tale there is to tell  
Of the wonderful days a-coming, when all shall be better  
than well.

Not one of all the millions, in the days that are to come,  
Shall have any hope of the morrow, or joy in the ancient  
home.

Then a man who works shall remember that to work at  
his level best,

Would be but the part of a fool, since the worst is done  
by the rest.

I tell you this for a wonder : that no man then shall dare  
To think himself better than others, or look for a larger  
share ;

And whether he work like a master, or like to a 'prentice  
raw,

No profit or loss shall be his, by the new and the  
righteous law.

Wherefore good work shall die, and the contest of wits  
be killed,

(By this equal law and just), and the voice of the boss be  
stilled,

And whether we work at all, or whether we lie in the sun,  
Shall be by the will of all : and, as they will, shall be  
done.

For strong and for weak alike, for good as well as for bad,  
An equal reward shall be meted, and an equal wage be  
paid.

Then the cry of the rough will be "Grab !" and the cry  
of the poor, "Divide !"

And no man shall have any money, and no man shall  
have any pride.

Then all that is thine shall be mine, when this pitiful age  
is o'er,

And nobody then so caitiff for himself to save and  
store.

And never 'a gentleman left—Oh ! listen, and under-  
stand !—

And never a gracious lady in all this blessed land.

And Art, which the poor man now with wonder passes by,  
When all shall be poor alike, shall wither and droop and  
die.

Hear, ye generous hearts ! when the working men shall be  
kings,

We will burn, for their sakes, our treasures of Art and our  
beautiful things ;

Make no more ballads and songs ; yea, even I will  
refrain,

Though I still would babble on in my own monotonous  
strain.

And since *they* desire no more, let knowledge and learn-  
ing cease,

And the science and skill of the present be buried in  
peace.

Nor any be left at all to boast of his learning and lore ;  
And the libraries pitched in the fire, and no booksellers'  
shops any more.

Ah ! such the days that shall be ! No more great houses  
then ;

But endless streets of cottages plain, and fit for the  
working-men ;

After the self-same pattern all, and square and complete,  
Two windows atop and one below, and a door with a  
knocker neat.

And when all is devoured remains, with wide and wel-  
come gates,

The universal workhouse, with no one to pay the rates.

Is it too much, this dream ? Does it fill the soul like wine,  
To think that men shall be equal, and all that is thine  
shall be mine ?

But the voices of all good men, the living and dead beside,  
Call on us to fight for this glorious cause, and the great  
Divide.

Ah ! come, cast off all fooling, for this at least you know—  
That the dawn of the day is coming, and forth the  
banners go.

W. B.

## THE BURIAL OF DEMOS.

‘Ο ΤΑΦΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ.

(ΕΘΝΙΚΟΝ ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙΟΝ.)

‘Ο ἥλιος ἐβασίλευε, κ’ ὁ Δῆμος διατάζει·  
‘Σύρτε, παιδιά μου, ’ς τὸ νερὸν, ψωμί νὰ φάτ’ ἀπόψε·  
Καὶ σὺ, Λαμπράκη μ’ ἀνεψιέ, κάθω ἐδῶ κοντά μου·  
Νά! τ’ ἄρματα μου φέρεσε, νὰ γένης καπετάνος·  
Καὶ σεῖς, παιδιά μου, πάρτε τὸ ἔρημον σπαθί μου,  
Πράσινα κόψετε κλαδιά, στρώστε μου νὰ καθίσω,  
Καὶ φέρετε τὸν πνευματικὸν νὰ μὲ ξομολογήσῃ,  
Νὰ τὸν εἰπῶ τὰ κρίματα, ὅπ’ ἔχω καμωμένα.  
Τριάντα χρόν’ ἄρματαλὸς κ’ εἴκοσι ἔχω κλέφτης,  
Καὶ τώρα μ’ ἦλθ’ ὁ θάνατος καὶ θέλω ν’ ἀπαιθάνω.  
Κάμετε τὸ κιβώρι μου, πλατὺ ὦφελὸν νὰ γένη,  
Νὰ στέκ’ ὀρθὸς, νὰ πολεμῶ καὶ διπλὰ νὰ γεμίζω.  
Κ’ ἀπὸ τὸ μέρος τὸ δεξιὸν ἀφῆστε παραθύρι,  
Τὰ χελιδόνια ν’ ἔρχωνται τὴν ἀνοιξιν νὰ φέρουν,  
Καὶ τ’ ἀηδόνια τὸν καλὸν Μάην νὰ μὲ μαθαίνουν.

## DIE BEGRABUNG DES DEMOS.

(NEUGRIECHISCH.)

Die Sonne sank am Abendthron, da dies befahl der  
Demos :

‘Geht, Kinderlein, zum Brunnen fort, dass man das  
Mahl genieße !

Und du, Lambráki, Vetter mein, setz’ dich zu mir ent-  
gegen.

Sieh ! nimm die Waffen, die ich trug ; sei du nach mir  
der Hauptmann.

Ihr, Kindlein, schafft mir weg das Schwert, das nimmer-  
mehr gebrauch' ich,  
Und sammelt grüne Zweige her, dass ich mich niederlege,  
Und sucht den Geistlichen, dass er mein' fromme Beichte  
höre :  
Möcht' ihm besprechen all' die Sünd', soviel ich je be-  
gangen.  
Ein Kriegermann war ich dreissig Jahr, war zwanzig  
Jahr ein Rauber,  
Und nun es kommt der Tod mir nach, und gerne will  
ich sterben.  
Macht mir das Grabmal hoch und breit—wol brauch' ich  
Raum darinnen,  
Zum Kämpfen möcht' ich aufrecht steh'n, gebeugt die  
Flinte laden—  
Und macht mir auch zur rechten Hand ein Fensterchen  
daneben,  
Dass mir die Schwalbe flieg' herein, der liebe Frühlings-  
bote,  
Und mir den schönen Monat Mai die Nachtigall kund  
gebe.'

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*LES FUNÉRAILLES DE DÉMOS.*

Voilà le soleil qui baisse :  
Voilà Démos qui s'affaisse,  
Qui se meurt et veut parler.  
' Enfants, comme à l'ordinaire  
Courez vers la rivière,  
Nous chercher l'eau du souper.

‘ Ici, Lambraki, prends place ;  
Regarde-moi bien en face.  
Vois, mes armes sont à toi :  
Qu’à toi, mon meilleur collègue,  
Le commandement je lègue,  
Ce don fera pleine foi.

‘ Enlevez, mes fils, l’épée ;  
La main manque à sa poignée  
Qui la serrait autrefois :  
Et pour mon vieux corps inerte  
Faites une couche verte  
De rameaux coupés au bois.

‘ Puis allez chercher le prêtre :  
Devant lui va comparaître  
De mes péchés le récit :  
C’est un assez rude conte ;  
Des armes trente ans je compte,  
Et vingt ans je fus bandit.

‘ Maintenant la mort m’appelle,  
Je ne me fais point rebelle,  
Mais je veux rester soldat :  
Faites ma tombe haute et large,  
Que bien lestement je charge  
Mon fusil pour le combat.

‘ Faut encor une fenêtre,  
Que je puisse voir renaître  
Les fleurs qui dorent le sol.  
Du printemps les hirondelles,  
M’apporteront des nouvelles,  
Et de mai le rossignol.’



## THE BURIAL OF DEMOS.

The sun was low on his western throne when Demos  
spake his will :

‘Go, children, make your evening meal, get water  
from the rill ;

Stay thou, Lambrákis, cousin mine, sit by me near at  
hand ;

Lo, here my arms—bear them and be the captain of the  
band :

You, children, take away the sword widowed of my renown,  
And strew me grass and fresh-cut boughs, that I may lay  
me down,

And fetch the ghostly man to shrive the sins of all my life ;  
Fain would I tell him all I did ; my days were full of strife ;  
A man-at-arms good thirty years, a Klepht I tell a score ;  
Death comes in season to me now, I covet life no more.

Let makemy tomb as a man of war’s, a wide and lofty one—  
I’ll stand upright for the day of fight, and kneel to load  
my gun—

And make me a little window too, to my right hand  
opening,

Where I may watch the swallows’ flight, the swallows  
that come with spring,

And know the merry month of May by the nightingales  
that sing.’

F. P.

NOTE.—The German translation here given was made in entire forgetfulness of the existence of Goethe’s (*Aus fremden Sprachen, Neugriechisch-epirotische Heldenlieder*, No. 5). The only excuse that can now be given for it is that, being more literal than Goethe’s poetic rendering is, or English rhyme can be, it may be of some use as a clue to the original, the meaning of which is not at all points discoverable by the ordinary classical scholar. The Greek ballad is quite modern ; it is dated 1810 in Passow’s collection. There are different versions of it, and many small variations in different copies of the same version.

## ÉCHO.

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Qu'est-ce que le ministère ?

*Mystère.*

À quoi faut-il se fier ?

*Renier.*

L'amour dure-t-il toujours ?

*Un jour.*

Sais-tu le cœur des femmes ?

*Les flammes !*

Les profondeurs de l'âme ?

*Femme !*

Du jeune amant le songe ?

*Mensonge !*

De l'art classique les charmes ?

*Larmes !*

L'école des "esthétiques" ?

*Cyniques !*

L'étude de Rabelais ?

*O gai !*

[For Private Circulation only.]

OF SAKHR, THE GREAT SEA-DEVIL,  
AND HOW HE WENT AMONG THE  
FRÈRES RONFLEURS, OR NID-NID,  
NODDING FRIARS.

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AFTER the despatch of this business Sakhr the Great Sea-Devil went back no more to the deserts and desolate sea-coasts of the Bahr Aileh. For in the tempting and corruption of Hosein (on whose head be peace!) he found so much delight that he looked no longer with pleasure on the simple joys with which he had hitherto recreated his soul. That is to say, he no more desired to raise tempests, or to drive ships ashore, or to knock them together like walnuts, or to pull sailors overboard in the guise of squid, calamary, or other sea-monster ; and this withdrawal of Sakhr is the reason why those who sail upon the Bahr Aileh and those who go in caravans across the Desert no longer begin their journey with repentance, confession, making of wills, promises of tapers, vows, going in procession to the mosques, endowing colleges of Ulema,

Dervishes, and those learned in the law, but set forth with a light heart and no penitence at all, wherefore holy men do now go lean.

But Sakhr began to go up and down the face of the earth and to watch the ways of men and women, and never wearied, though the victory is easy and the end certain, of beguiling, deceiving, and corrupting; and in especial he beset those who are under vows and live in the joys of self-inflicted misery, whether monk or nun, dervish or fakir, in Thibet or in Rome. Many he led astray: one by the sweet face and lovely voice of a woman; another, by the promise of glory; another, by the hope of riches; another, by the prospect of power: and he was wont to say that men by nature love women first, and their own vanity next; but, after this, some desire money; and some authority; and some reputation: and some to drink fresh and fair, with singing and the histories of illustrious toppers long since in Abraham's bosom. Wherefore, to deceive the most of mankind, any insignificant little devil may be trusted, if only he be curious, mischievous, and prying, and may do with them what he chooses with no more trouble than the lifting of a finger or the wink of an eye.

And of all the countries in the world, Sakhr was wont to take the most delight in the land of France, where men are as frisk, galliard, and amorous as the women are courteous, gracious, neat, and jolly; and to converse with these is but a holiday, seeing that every mother's son of them is continually committing mortal sin. Yet was he not idle, but played many notable freaks, the

memory of which survive to the present day. It was none other than Sakhr who brought to the city of Tours the beautiful Moorish damsel, Zulma, whose life and jests have been movingly set forth by the *Sieur de Balzac*: it was Sakhr who enticed *François Villon* from his Latin and his logic, so that instead of a mumbling grammarian and Regent he became rogue, roysterer, and ribaud, who loved to think drinking and to drink singing: it was Sakhr who continually supplied the honest folk with jongleurs, trouvères, writers of *fableaux* and *dits*, and amorous poets, so that they should for ever be fighting, drinking, and making love. To tell all that Sakhr did would need a great volume. Nevertheless, there was one thing which needs must be related, being a thing as abominable as the tempting of Hosein.

This thing was done in France: yea, and it was nigh unto the town of Cahors in Quercy, where was born Clement Marot, of joyous memory, and a true Pantagruelian, if ever there was one; and it brought shame and rebuke upon the ancient and saintly House of the Frères Ronfleurs, the *Fratres Nutitantes*, or Nid-nid-nodding Friars.

Their monastery lies in the midst of fat meadows, among which the River Lot winds, keeping them always green and sweet for the fat kine and the browsing sheep which eat and sleep as listeth them the whole year round. The Friars have orchards for the making of cider, and of perry; there are hives with honey-bees for mead; and barley-fields for the making of malt; and vineyards for the grapes whereof the brothers make their famous wine; and savoury herbs, such as thyme, rose-

mary, boys' love, sage, and parsley, for cunning use in the compounding of that ineffable drink of theirs, which is so sweet and pleasant that a young maid who tastes it thinks she is setting her lips to the nectar of the gods, and so potent that a single glass makes a man dream of heaven, and half a bottle makes him sleep for a week. The secret of this drink the brothers keep unto themselves. There are also gardens for the growth of such vegetables as produce sleep and meditation, such as lettuces, onion, beetroot, and lentils, but not beans ; because he who eateth beans begins straightway to doubt and question, and one of this kind in a monastery is a disturber of monkish peace worse than fifty bushels of hornets. They grow also flowers, but only those at the fragrance of which the eyes close and the mind presently wanders away into pleasantness. Such property, by the gift of heaven, have the gilliflower, the goat's-leaf or honeysuckle, the wood-violet, the lily of the valley, the mignonette or *herbe d'amour*, the southernwood or *herbe royale*, with many others. There is also great store of pantagruelion and of poppies, and be sure that the Frères Ronfleurs forget not that incomparable herb, tobacco, with which they continually burn incense ; not as in other convents, one among them, and that a boy and in chapel—but all together, joyfully and gratefully offering clouds at all times between sleep, but mostly after meals. And, as behoves honest and virtuous monks, their hedges are planted with *herbe aux femmes battues*, which some call bryony. And as for their buildings, they are more convenient than stately, yet furnished with sun-dials, fountains, basins of water,

lawns, shaded cloisters, covered walks, thick hedges to keep off the cold winds, and stately avenues.

As for their manner of life, it is this. The brethren meet in the refectory four times a day, if they please : but if they would rather sleep they may stay in their cells ; at each time they eat and drink and give thanks and enjoin each other to remember the rule which sayeth that to sleep well, one should eat much and drink without stint or stay. Nor is there any reading during meals ; but when all have finished and each has said what was in his mind in commendation of the meat and drink, all hands are folded and all eyes closed while some wakeful novice reads a chapter from the 'Acta Sanctorum,' or, on Saints' days, a Latin sermon. Also, whereas in some convents the brethren are dragged out of their beds at dead of night by harsh dingle-dangle and call of bell, and must all flock together to sing a service in a cold chapel, which is the cause of bad temper, murmuring, and other deadly sins, in this Order there is only one service in the day, and that sung joyfully before the mid-day meal, so that the brothers at the *ite missa est* make but one step from chapel to refectory. And for their dress they wear not hair shirt, nor gown of rough serge, but a full magistral robe of flannel, cashmere, or wool, with doublet of padded silk ; and for cowl they have a goodly nightcap of green silk, and every man wears, scarfwise, a sash of crimson silk from which there dangles a flask of convent wine. For the greater solace of the body they wear also silken stockings and shoes made of Spanish leather or list. Further, because none sleep so

well as those who are well tired, it is enjoined on all, but especially the younger brethren, that they should each day, namely, in the forenoon, play tennis, bowls, billiards, or nine pins ; fence, wrestle, run, climb, row in boats, ride races, go a-hawking and a-hunting, and practise feats of strength with bar and rope : for the aged and those whose limbs will no longer endure these violences, there are the gardens, the avenues, and the covered walks. And though the ruler of the Order forbids women to enter within the gates, the weaker brethren and those who cannot sleep for thinking of them are permitted to visit the neighbouring city of Cahors, there to dance, make merry, and enjoy the *doux parler* and *doux sourires* of the demoiselles, who, for their own part, greatly love these happy and innocent brothers, and are gracious to them, and send them home to their convent well pleased with their entertainment and ready for the slumbers which await the virtuous.

What saith their Rule? ‘Who sleeps most sins least’: and again, ‘In sleep the world vexeth not the soul’: and further, ‘Holiness is his who slumbers’: and again, this pithy saying, ‘There is sin even in repentance to him who wakes.’ Wherefore it was enjoined the brethren that in every lawful way they should seek for, and attain if possible, the great and inestimable blessing of sleep.

O fair and goodly convent ! O sweet company of holy men ! O Order of saintly men, where not one or two here and there are pious, and the rest peevish, discontented, thin, quarrelsome, carping, doubting, morose,



questioning, prying, backbiting, jealous, envious, dissatisfied, but all alike full of faith and of joy! And none harassed or vexed by the shrill jingle-jangle of the bells, or half-starved, or stinted in drink; but all together fat and jolly, round of belly, shiny of face, red of nose, full of smiles, their teeth white with grinding of bones, their tongues red with drinking of wine, their jolly eyes twinkling. Truly, there was never since the world began, save only the fair and goodly Abbey of Thelema, a monastery more pleasant, gracious, well-provided, and of better renown. Men of all ranks desired nothing better than to enter therein; but they would have none but such as were inclined to laughter, to wine, and cheerful converse; ladies came from all parts to hear of them, to see them, if it might be to dance and sing with them; yea, *grandes dames de par le monde* came only to gaze upon the outside of the walls which held a company so holy, so abundantly blessed with slumber, and in their waking hours so full of joy, so hungry and thirsty, and so stuffed with Christian charity. I am carried out of myself when I consider what a monastery was this.

Again, there were no jealousies here, because no one could drink nobler wine than was served at the table every day, or more of it; and all had equal shares, and every mess was as the mess of Benjamin; nor were there any longings for the world outside, nor any pestilent heresies, because those who sleep doubt not, but leave proof, argument, and reason to those who wake. Never will the Nid-nid-nodding Friars grow thin and macerate the flesh over questions in doctrine; never will

they, as happened to the presumptuous Servetus, to Caturce the doubting Regent of Toulouse, and Berquin the Discontented, find themselves at the end tucked up in faggots and carried out of a roaring fire by a thousand waggon-loads of devils.

Such was this place when Sakhr lighted upon it one afternoon towards four of the clock in August. At that time, when the day is at its hottest, he found himself standing before the open porch of a building which he judged to be that of some great and rich convent or company of holy men, about whom he was ever curious. Therefore, he straightway assumed the guise of an aged pilgrim, staff in hand, wearing a travel-stained gown.

Over the gate was an image of Sleep—a fair youth lying with closed eyes upon a couch, and below the legend, ‘Non peccat, qui dormit.’

Sakhr looked and wondered. Then he stepped within.

Under the archway, in the shade, there sat in an arm-chair a greybeard sound asleep; he was dressed in loose flannel and wore a nightcap in green silk. This was the Brother Janitor.

When Sakhr stepped across the threshold the sleeping man’s face twitched uneasily; when Sakhr stood over him his limbs began to move, and he started to his feet suddenly broad awake, and looked about him confused and disturbed.

‘Good-morrow, brother,’ said Sakhr.

‘What! a plague upon thee!’ cried the Janitor.  
‘Must a man be awakened out of the most religious

sleep ever vouchsafed to sinful man? Couldst thou not walk in without waking me? Are there not standing wide open the doors of refectory and buttery? Could'st thou not have eaten and drunk, and said a grace in the chapel and so gone thy way, I say, without awaking me?

'Alas! good brother,' Sakhr replied, wondering, 'I did not wake thee. But if I had, where, I pray thee, was the harm?'

'The harm?' repeated the Janitor, looking amazed. 'He asks what is the harm! Knowest thou, Sir Pilgrim, where thou art?'

'I am but a poor and ignorant pilgrim, good brother,' Sakhr replied. 'Yet surely this is some holy house.'

'It is none other,' said the serving brother, 'than the House of those who sleep. Read me yon legend above the door. Thou knowest Latin?'

'Truly,' Sakhr replied; 'not so well as Persian or Arabic or good Somali, but enough. "He sins not who sleeps," it reads.'

'And yet thou didst awaken me,' said the Janitor reproachfully; 'and I am called back again to the temptations of the world, and, without doubt, have committed already a basketful of sins. Ah! thoughtless Pilgrim!'

Sakhr looked about the court; there was no one stirring, nor any sign of inhabitants, save that from the kitchen chimney there rolled upwards a column of smoke.

'Where are the monks?' he asked.

‘Where should they be? and who should you be to ask such a question?’ returned the Janitor.

‘Forgive me, brother,’ said the Pilgrim. ‘I am old, but ignorant, and I come from a far country.’

‘They are sleeping, the holy men!’ said the Janitor. ‘Every mother’s son is asleep at this hour; for it is four of the afternoon, and the season is August. Even the novices are asleep; yea, even the youngest; none are awake save the scullions and varlets of the kitchen, who sleep only at night, and are therefore as good as lost. Listen!’

Then Sakhr perceived a low and melodious, murmuring and musical, grateful, and comfortable droning, as of myriads of bees, or as bagpipes afar off, or as a church organ at the distance of two meadows and a quarter. But it was nothing more than the snoring and slumberous breath of the sleeping Brotherhood.

‘Alas!’ said the Janitor, ‘their souls are already in Paradise. As for me, sinner that I am, I feel as if I should never sleep again! I have not been so wide awake since I doffed leather jerkin and put on this robe of flannel.’

‘Show me thy convent,’ said the Pilgrim.

‘First,’ said the Janitor, ‘let us drink. Good drink, fresh drink, drink which cools the throat and warms the heart, is medicine for the wakeful. Thou hast a red and restless eye, Brother Pilgrim. I warrant, now, thou liest awake at night, and art sore beset by devils. This convent is not for such; but, nevertheless, come.’

He led the way across the court to the refectory,

a goodly hall with painted windows and painted walls. Here were figured to the life and by marvellous art of the limner many never-to-be-forgotten sleeping Saints. Notably their Patron-Saint, Eutychus—red-haired, young, and comely, who slept while the Apostle preached; and the brethren of Ephesus in their cave, and Simon asleep upon his pillar, and the martyrs—Lawrence on a red-hot gridiron, thinking it was a bed of roses, and the hermit of Northumberland dreaming that his stone couch was a feather-bed; and the great men of old, King Arthur with his knights, Charlemagne with his peers, and King Redbeard, all sleeping. There were tables laid in the refectory, covered with snow-white napery and set about with silver-gilt goblets, beakers, and cups; silver mounted drinking-horns, Venetian and Bohemian glasses, Rhenish flasks.

‘Let us drink,’ said the Janitor, pouring out. ‘Brother Pilgrim, ’tis a weeping cup; a cup that runneth over.

‘And now,’ he said, ‘let us go see the convent. Gramercy, Brother Pilgrim, if thou canst not sleep, thou canst drink with any. As for me, I was never so broad awake. But silence—hush! let us walk a-tiptoe.’

Then the Janitor led his guest gently to the cells where the monks lay sleeping, and first to the Abbot’s cell, which was in no way different from any of the others.

‘Behold him!’ whispered the Janitor. ‘See the saintly man. He is seventy years and upwards, yet for years he hath made but two journeys a day—from bed to board and from board to bed.’

Then he led him from cell to cell; in every one a

Brother fast asleep, and of each the Janitor had something to say—how one was excused from chapel by reason of his miraculous drowsiness, and another was gifted with a heavenly thirst, and a third slept once through a whole Lent, while another was fain to promote sleep by poppy-juice and the drowsy flax; and another, on account of the weakness of the flesh, must needs court sleep by active exercise, and so on. And at length he stopped before a cell the door of which was closed.

‘Thou shalt now,’ he said, ‘behold our youthful Saint—our prodigy of holiness. Young as he is, Brother Placidus doth excel us all, except our Abbot. He is a son of the convent, because he was brought here at eight years old, and hath never since set foot outside. He is but twenty-four, and for bodily strength there is not his equal; yet can he drink with the best, and doth commonly sleep for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. And of so sweet, easy, and heavenly-gentle a disposition, that you would think him already an angel.’

So saying, he gently pushed open the door, and beckoned the Pilgrim to look in. Brother Placidus was lying on his side, his head upon his left hand; the night-cap of the Order had slipped off, and his curly head was bare. It was a goodly youth, with curls like Absalom’s, but shorter, and a face like that of David in the window of Bourges Cathedral. But the limbs were like unto those of Hercules, or Milo, or the Emperor Maximin at least—so big and strong they were, and the muscles of his bare arm were like unto ropes.

‘Ventre Saint Gris!’ murmured the Pilgrim, swearing

like King Henri Quatre (whom he loved). 'Saw one ever so comely a lad?'

Then he bent over the sleeping youth, and looked upon him with red and hungry eyes. And it seemed to the Janitor as if the sun was suddenly hidden and the room was growing cold; his own heart beat, and he trembled, and his thoughts went back to the old time long ago, when he had been a man-at-arms; and his own words rang in his ears like foolish babble.

'It fills the soul with gratitude,' he was saying, 'to see the lad eat and drink. The blessed youth! he hath no thought of anything else; a woman he hath never seen, and he knoweth nought of those who rise early, and lie down late, and sin much.'

While the Janitor babbled, a change came over the sleeper. He moved his arms, he crossed his legs, he rolled his head, he moaned in his sleep, he opened his mouth and gasped, he clutched the pillow with his fingers; he threw open his arms, sprang up, and leaped out of the bed, staring wildly around.

'Where is she?' he cried. 'Where is she?'

'She?' said the Janitor. 'Brother Placidus, thou art in a sinful dream. There is no she here. Lie down again and sleep. It wants an hour yet of supper. Lie down, good Brother.'

The young man looked with bewildered eyes from one to the other.

'I was dressed,' he murmured, 'in crimson velvet and cloth of gold, with a dagger in my belt—ah!—and I was walking with a demoiselle dressed in sendal, silk, and vair.'



‘Brother,’ said the Janitor, ‘this is wakeful vanity : vanity is sin—sin comes to those who——’

‘She had blue eyes and light brown hair—ah ! Brother Placidus gasped. ‘Was it a dream ? Are there such women in the world ? Do men go thus bravely dressed ?’

‘At thy age,’ said the Pilgrim, smiling, ‘at thy age, Brother Placidus, these dreams are natural. No doubt it was the devil who whispered in thine ear, and brought to thee the vision of brave knights and lovely dames. It were perhaps well if I expounded the meaning of the dream, so that thou mightest no longer be ignorant of, but regard with loathing, the temptations of the wicked world outside. Art thou still sleepy, my son ?’

‘Alas ! I am wide awake.’

‘Gallant knights and lovely ladies !’ murmured the Janitor, stroking his grey beard ; ‘I thought to hear no more of them. Alas ! I too am wide awake.’

‘In the world outside, my child,’ said the aged Pilgrim kindly, ‘not this peaceful, holy, happy world of thine, where the waters of the Lot flow among the quiet meadows, the young men of thine age wear not this soft and beautiful gown of flannel, but doublet and jerkin, and sometimes cloaks of satin and velvet, with collar of lace and scarf of golden stuff, and sometimes helmet and breastplate of steel. They sleep little ; they spend their wicked days in tournaments, hunting, feasting, singing, and making love.’

‘What is making love ?’ asked Brother Placidus.

‘It is walking and talking with such a fair lady as was shown to thee in thy dream. It is doing her bidding,



winning honours to lay at her feet, finding happiness in her gracious smile, and no other joy than in singing her beauty. It is to have your heart filled with the image of her——'

'Alas!' sighed Brother Placidus, 'my heart is full of her already.'

But Brother Janitor shook his head.

'Time was!' he said with a groan.

'Fair ladies love the service of gallant cavaliers,' the Pilgrim continued. 'They reward them with kisses which drive them mad—yea, make their heads to swim and their knees to tremble. Steady, my son!'—for Brother Placidus staggered as he stood—'kisses which make a man feel that he is already lapt and wrapped in soft airs of Eden.'

'I too have been a man,' said the Janitor, wiping away a tear.

'The happy lovers not only kiss their mistresses' hands, which are soft and white, but their cheeks also, which are like the peach for sweetness and bloom, and their lips, which are like the rosebuds in the garden, but better.'

'They are,' said the Janitor. 'They are much better!'

'Happy lad!' the Pilgrim went on, 'not to know this rapture. For, lo! this race of women is detestable, abominable, deceitful, soul-destroying, decoying, persuasive, attractive, pleasing, beautiful, soft-eyed, sweet-faced, comely-limbed, irresistible, and only to be escaped by retreat into some such place as this, whither they come not. See here!' He plucked from his bosom a silver casket and opened it. 'It is the portrait of one of them.'

Look upon it, my son, and learn what she and all the company and sisterhood of women are like, and be grateful never to have seen one !' He held the picture before the young man's eyes.

Brother Placidus, however, snatched it, crying :

'It is the lady of my dream ! Oh, I know her ! Oh, it is her face ! Thus she looked—thus she smiled—thus I trembled ! Oh ! oh, venerable Pilgrim, give it me !'

'Nay, but it will make thee wakeful. Still—keep it for awhile.' Then, while the Pilgrim went on talking, Brother Placidus kept his eyes upon the portrait, and kissed it and hugged it. 'In this world of temptation, my son, there is music—not the litanies which thou lovest, but music of another kind—at hearing of which the young men and the maidens catch each other by the hand and dance around and sing ; and songs—not the hymns which thou lovest, my son—but songs such that, only to hear one, would keep thee awake for a month—songs of fighting and victory, songs of love—ah ! songs of tender love !'

'She was singing to me in my dream,' said Brother Placidus, 'such a song it was—but alas ! I have forgotten the words and the air.'

'Next there is dancing, when the music is in the gallery and the lads and ladies are on the floor below. Ah ! Brother Placidus, happy is thy lot, I say again, because there is no such dancing for thee. Else how would it fare with thy sinful soul ?'

'We danced,' said Placidus, whose cheek was now

burning and his eyes aglow like kindled coal. 'We danced in my dream. Ah! with what sweet grace and lovely smiles my mistress danced!'

'In the old days,' said the Janitor, 'we danced beneath the trees at sunset, while the bagpipes and the tabor merrily discoursed. But alas! the wickedness of it! And all of us wide awake!'

'But there is more,' said the Pilgrim; 'and this will make you fall upon your knees for gratitude, youthful Brother. Know, then, that in this world of which thou knowest nought, the men fight on field of battle and hold joust and tourney for the prize of ladies' smiles, so that a young man strong like thyself, dexterous and practised, fearless and ambitious, may so acquit himself as to gain honour and renown and ladies' love. What do you know, Brother, of the fierce joys of war, when knight rushes upon knight with battle-axe, spear, and sword, amid the arrows which darken the air, the shouts of those who conquer, and the cries of those who fly?'

Brother Placidus stood with clenched hands and a fierce light in his eye.

'I suffocate!' he cried. 'I am choking. Go on, Sir Pilgrim.'

'Nay, for to tell thee more would fire thee with too great a contempt for the world. Saintly as thou art, my son, thou must not despise those who share not in this thy felicity.'

Brother Placidus looked around him. For the first time in his life the white walls of his cell were loathsome to him; for the first time he desired not to sleep upon his bed.

‘Lie down, my son,’ said the Pilgrim. ‘’Tis pity to waste the time. Lie down and sleep, thankful that it was but a dream, and that the kisses of fair ladies, the shouting of battle, and the vain prizes of the empty world are not for thee. Happy boy! Let us away, Brother Janitor.’

They left Brother Placidus in his cell. But he did not lie down; he threw himself upon his knees and kissed and mumbled over the picture of the lovely lady.

At supper time Brother Placidus came with the rest. It was afterwards remembered that his eyes were strange, that his hands and lips trembled, and that he neither ate nor drank, but gazed continually upon something which he held in his hand. As for the venerable Pilgrim, he discoursed long and movingly upon the things he had seen and the perils he had passed through. No one slept that evening after supper. Hour after hour passed away, and still this aged Pilgrim talked, and still the Brethren listened, and still Brother Placidus gazed upon the thing, whatever that was, which he held in his hand. For the Pilgrim spoke to them of Far Cathay and Prester John and the Khan of Tartary; he had been to Mecca, where they worship the False Prophet; and to the deserts of Arabia, and to the ruins of Babylon and the Tower of Babel; he had seen the remains of the Ark upon Ararat, and knew where was the staff of Solomon, and where was buried the sacred cat of Mohammed; he had seen the tomb of Adam, and knew his exact height; he had seen battles, wars, sieges, the dances of the dancing-girls, and the revolutions of dervishes; he

had been in fair Byzance, had journeyed to Trebizond, and knew so many tricks, manners, customs, snares, and subtleties, that as he told them, the good monks plucked each other by the elbow, dug fingers into ribs, laughed aloud, smiled gently, winked with both eyes, nodded head, shrugged shoulders, held up hands, shifted and shuffled in their chairs, and, in fine, sat so long and heard him so gladly, that they took no heed, though the midnight bells of Cahors rang out across the meadows. Yea, they sat until four and even five of the clock, when the day broke and the sun arose. Then every mother's son sprang to his feet, crying, 'Holy Eutychus! we have sat up all night long! Mortal sin, Brothers, mortal sin! Let us hasten to bed!'

While the rest were flying, the Pilgrim held Brother Placidus back.

'My son,' he said; 'I am going back to the world. Come with me; I will show thee the lady of thy dream.'

The young man hesitated. His cheeks were aflame, his heart was beating. He was but four-and-twenty years of age, and hitherto the world meant for him the passage of the sun from east to west; summer and winter; the refectory and the wine-flask; the solitary cell; and as much sleep as could be vouchsafed.

'Come with me, my son,' said the Pilgrim. 'She waits for thee—without.'

The earth did not quake; the stars did not fall; the moon did not go backwards; and yet that monk went forth from the gates with the aged Pilgrim.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour or two later, when all were sleeping still, the Janitor, who had not been with the rest in the Refectory, and knew nothing of the night's doings, went around among the cells. All the brothers were sleeping heavily.

'Good men !' he said. 'Pious men ! It is already seven of the clock ; they have slept since nine of the night. Surely some singular blessing hath fallen upon this House.'

When he looked into the cell of Brother Placidus, he found him not.

'Alas !' he said, 'the good youth is troubled, perchance, by his dream, and is now felling trees or pulling a boat against the current, or rolling bowls for the subduing of the body.'

When he came to the Abbot's cell, he looked in and discovered that the saintly man was indeed asleep and would wake no more.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

They called a Chapter that same morning to elect a successor. They were simple monks who knew not jealousy, envy, or malice ; they said one to the other, that among them all, young as he was, there was no sleeper at all to compare with Brother Placidus. Him and no other would they have for their Abbot.

They could find him nowhere, though they searched the cells ; though they thought he might be sleeping among the casks, the fat and goodly casks, in the cellar ; or in the choir at chapel, where he was often surprised by sleep in the reading of mass ; or in the refectory ;

or among the vines or in the orchard. They found him not; nor did anyone know what had become of the Pilgrim. But, remembering the wonderful stories they had heard, there was not one who did not believe that the Pilgrim who had beguiled them all from sleep was no other than an Angel from Paradise sent to carry Brother Placidus bodily with him on account of his great and wonderful holiness. And this was reckoned for glory, so that the Brothers became prouder than ever, and every man's chin was raised an inch and a half, and by toping, smoking of tobacco, and valiancy at trencher, each Brother strove to emulate Brother Placidus, and hoped that he too might be called away by a blessed Pilgrim, stricken in years.

Thirty years later, there came hobbling to the convent gates one evening a grey-bearded man of fifty-five, or thereabouts. He was in rags and tatters; he had lost one leg and had a great scar across his face. He begged for charity; but when the Janitor offered him supper and bed within the walls, he refused, saying that the supper he would take willingly, with as much of the convent wine as they pleased to give him, but for sleeping within the walls, he could not.

Next day they found him still outside the gate, sitting with his chin upon his crutch patiently. They gave him meat and wine, which he received with thanks.

The day after he began to build himself a cottage of sticks and turf, and there he lived outside the convent gates, the good monks, of their charity, sending him



out food and drink in plenty. It was remarked, however, that even in the hottest weather no one ever saw him sleeping. But he was continually athirst. And the Brothers were wont to go forth and talk with him. They found him a man of great experience and adventure, and one who loved to talk and to tell what he had seen and done, including things which made the honest Brothers shiver and their hair to stand on end. But it was observed that he never ended a story without asking to be told all over again, and every day, as if it were new to him, how an angel from Paradise came to carry away Brother Placidus on account of his extreme holiness. And at the end of that story, he would laugh and shake himself, and call for more drink, and laugh again, and make as if he was going to say something, but would break off short and drink again, to the health of the company and the memory of Brother Placidus.

After many years this hermit died. And at his death a strange thing happened. For they found upon the ground in his turf cabin a paper folded, and within a writing which began, 'Know ye, Nid-nid-nodding Friars, that I am none other than that Brother Placidus of whom ye speak so often. But, truly, I was not carried away by an Angel to Paradise, whither I have never won, unless it be the Earthly Paradise of woman's love; but I fled with the . . .' The rest of the paper was concealed by the Abbot, who said it was full of blasphemies, and ordered it to be dipped in holy water and then burned in the kitchen fire. Which was the reason why the roast meats that day tasted of brimstone.

W. B.



AD MALIGNOS

*Qui bonos Fratres Rabelæianos Londinenses opprobriis  
laccessunt, paucis mitibusque verbis respondetur.*

---

ON dit que certains Pharisiens  
De l'austère  
Angleterre  
Dessoubz terre  
Vouldraient veoir les Rabelaisiens.

Eu lieu de songer que Thaumaste,  
Docte anglois  
D'aultrefois,  
Soubz nos lois  
Vint ranger sa science vaste,

D'aulcuns s'en vont criant: "*Shocking!*  
Fy! du livre  
D'un homme ivre!  
Qu'à la livre  
On le vende en papier *curling!*"

On ha veu jusqu'à *Punch* se mettre  
Contre nous  
Avec tous  
Ces vieux fous,  
Et cracher sus nostre bon maistre.

Frères, pour luy que nostre ardeur  
S'en augmente,  
Quoiqu'il sente  
Moins la menthe  
Que l'oignon, l'ail et pire odeur.

Car on sçait bien que son ordure,  
Ses gros mots,  
Gras propos  
Et grands pots  
Sont pleins de vérité qui dure.

Et peut-estre sans la senteur  
Un peu sale  
Qu'il exhale,  
La cabale  
Eust bruslé son livre et l'auteur.

Qu'on le brusle alors que sottise  
Avec sots  
Et cagots  
Et badaux  
Auront quitté Seine et Tamise.

Jusque là, quoique son roman  
Scandalise  
Gens d'église,  
Qu'on le lise  
Comme missel dévotement ;

Qu'on le lise tant qu'à Lutèce  
Beaux hâbleurs,  
Fins voleurs,  
Sots bretteurs  
Règneront par scélératesse ;

Et tant que Londres aux Oscar,  
Aux Esthètes,  
Faulx prophètes,  
Fera fêtes,  
Ouy-da qu'on le relise... car

Il nous dira comment Thélesme  
Courroucé  
Eust troussé  
Et fessé  
*Primo*, ces amants de caresme,

*Secundo*, non moins seurement,  
Newdigate  
Dont l'œil guette  
*At the gate*  
L'incrédule du Parlement ;

*Item*, le Mars évangélique

Du salut

Qui voulut,

Belzebuth,

T'expugner à coups de cantique,

Au bruit de clairons et tambours

Qui résonnent

Et bourdonnent

Et détonnent,

Assourdissant villes et bourgs ;

*Item*, beuveurs de Zoedone

Éventé

Et de thé

Trop laité :

Toutes gens que sens abandonne.

Je crois, ma fy, que Rabelais,

À la ÿveue

Impréveue

Dans la rue

De tous ces bataillons si laids,

Avec leur sordide et grotesque

Ruban bleu,

Eust, morbleu !

Prié Dieu

De damner ceste soldatesque.

Car sçachez que les bords fleuriz  
De la Loire  
Se font gloire,  
Après boire,  
De l'avoir veu maintefois griz.

## ENVOI.

Donc n'allez, gens de tempérance,  
Hurler si  
Nous aussi,  
Dieu mercy,  
Poussons encor l'oultre cuidance

Jusques à préférer le vin,  
En un verre,  
Ou la bière  
À l'eau claire.  
Sçachez mesme qu'il nous advint,

À l'heure de vespres tardive,  
D'estre assiz  
Trente six  
Sans soucyz,  
Souvent à l'entour de la DIVE . . .

De la DIVE BOUTEILLE dont  
Nous enivre  
Dans son livre  
Qui doit vivre,  
Le gentil curé de Meudon.

FROM THE BOOK OF JASHER.

IT is not generally known that the lately discovered MS. of portions of the Old Testament includes fragments of an historical book, supposed to be the long-lost Book of Jasher. The following extract has been placed in our hands by a learned friend. Some of the readings are doubtful, and it is uncertain whether the concluding paragraph is to be read as narrative or as prophecy.

---

And it came to pass that after Joshua was dead the people of Israel established the children of Joshua, and gave unto them silver and gold, and made them rulers in Israel over all that were of the craft of painters. Moreover they built them an house of imagery. And in every year about the days of the Feast of Tabernacles the children of Joshua made a great feast: they did eat and drink in their house of imagery, and the captains of the host, and the chief priests, and the scribes, and all that were men of worship in Israel. And they made proclamation unto all men that wrought painted images

upon cloth of linen, and that wrought graven images in stone, and in plaster, and in brass, and in copper, that they should send their work unto them in the house of imagery. And they took of the works which the men of all Israel sent them, and they hanged them upon the walls in their house of imagery. And they took the money of the people of Israel which came for to see the house of imagery, and of their wives, and of their sons, and of their daughters, of every one a shekel of silver. So the children of Joshua waxed fat and were merry, and they said that the Lord would do good unto them.

Howbeit the children of Joshua walked not uprightly before the Lord, as their father Joshua had done, and they regarded not the ensample of the angels of the Lord, even Raphael and Michael which continually stand before the Lord, nor the word of the prophets of the Lord, but they went a whoring after the abomination of the Philistines, and their conversation was with the sons of Belial, even them that ride upon gigs, and the imagination of their hearts was of the boiling of pots. And the people came and beheld the images which the children of Joshua hanged upon the walls of their house of imagery and behold they were exceeding evil.

And certain young men which thought themselves to be of the sons of the prophets were exceeding wroth with the children of Joshua. And they arose, and girded their loins, and fled into the wilderness, and abode there. But the Lord prospered not the work of their hands, because of their vehemence and their high stomach, and

that they gave not honour to the angels : and the Lord sent forth upon them a spirit of leanness and of dry bones, and the images which they painted were more grievous than the images of the children of Joshua.

\* \* \* \* \*

And it came to pass that when the men of Israel had made an end of seeing the images that were hanged on the walls of the house of imagery, they fled every man to his tent. And they arose early in the morning, and they fell upon the children of Joshua, and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt their painted images and their graven images with fire.

F. P.



## THE CHERUBIM.

(*As sung with great success by Signora Lanqui Nosi at Ballad Concerts in the Metropolis and elsewhere.*)

---

"A truly delicate reverential sentiment."—*The Literary Vestryman*.

"No Sunday School Treat will be complete without this charming ballad."—*The Chip Shop Evangelical Watchman*.

"A sweetly spiritual melody."—*The Lower Claypuddle Mission Magazine*.

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### I.

IT was the merry month of May, the wind did pipe and  
blow,  
Full fast the rain beat on the pane, the fire sputtered low ;  
I blessed the wind, I blessed the rain, and the sun so  
damp and dim,  
And I thought it right for to indite a seasonable hymn.

### II.

BUT I found that when I took the pen, I could not write  
it quick ;  
The pen was old and my fingers cold, and the ink  
with blacks was thick :

And I said, "If a timely miracle it would please them  
now to send,  
They'd for ever make sure of maybe a poor, but an  
humble and honest friend."  
Then there fluttered down on the window-sill a little  
cherubim,  
His plumes were downy soft and white, they lay so neat  
and trim ;  
I plucked his quills and chose a pen, and I wrote a lovely  
hymn.

F. P.

*[For Private Circulation only.]*

THE  
"GHOST UNIVERSAL" COMPANY (LIMITED).



The "Ghost Universal" established to meet  
(Limited, Acts '62, '67)  
At a wof the Age, by a method complete.

Whereas, by allotment of Heaven,  
Or blind will of chance, as is very well known,  
One getteth a loaf and another a stone ;  
One getteth cunning of brain and of hand,  
With never a shilling or foot-square of land ;  
One getteth acres and fields outspread,  
With a dullish eye and a sluggish head—  
Whence follow burnings, and envies, and grief  
(For which this Company offers relief),  
And a setting of penniless paupers to ride,  
And a puffing of penniless cheeks with pride,

62 *THE "GHOST UNIVERSAL" COMPANY.*

And a giving away, without asking for gold,  
The respect and the honour that ought to be sold ;

And seeing, besides, that the nature of man  
Is to wish for a front place wherever he can,  
With the clapping of hands and the shouting of name,  
And melodious blast from the Trumpet of Fame,  
And that many—too many—deserving to shine,

For the taxes they pay, and the income they've got,  
Sit bound to back places, and mournfully pine

For the power and praise and the glory they've not—  
This Company offers a ready-made way,  
And remedy certain—*for all who can pay.*

In fact, we provide, to meet every case,

In Art of all kinds and description whatever,  
Distinction and *κῆδος*, and envy and praise,

With—if the price run to it—laurels for ever.  
For every man, in short, who'll stand the cost,  
We guarantee a sound, substantial GHOST.

You have languished too long—O ye Rich !

(See Prospectus—the top of the page)

In a golden obscurity, which

Is a shame for a civilized age ;

All other things you can buy :

All other things do they sell :

(Respectfully) wherefore and why

Can't you buy Genius as well ?

*THE "GHOST UNIVERSAL" COMPANY. 63*

You, too, have yearnings—you would touch the heart,  
    (Or get the reputation and the name of it) :  
Here walk obedient Ghosts : for you, their Art ;  
    For us, your cheque; for you, the work and fame of it.

Send up your orders : sonnets, idylls, hymns,  
    (The Poet-Ghost attends from ten to three),  
Rhymes for a mistress' eyes, or face, or limbs,  
    Or lines erotic, passionate, lawless, free.

Ballades we keep, and rondeaux you can buy,  
    Or dainty triolets at moderate price :  
In fact, all kinds of verses we supply :  
    Our terms are cash : our Ghosts are mute as mice.

Or would you paint? A lordly studio build,  
    With easels, brushes, colours of the best ;  
Its walls with tapestry and China filled ;  
    We will (with thanks for favours) do the rest.

Or would you work in marble? Be it so.  
    Raise noble workshops, furnish tools and clay,  
Beneath your hands fair limbs shall seem to grow  
    (Paid for beforehand), lovelier day by day.  
Or would you write sweet music? We provide for you  
    Sonatas, nocturnes, madrigals, or songs,  
Motetts, gavottes, and everything beside for you  
    (At lowest rates), which to the Art belongs.

64 *THE "GHOST UNIVERSAL" COMPANY.*

Or would you write a play ? The price is high :  
Dramatic Ghosts are scarce : yet have no fear ;  
Buskin or sock, your head shall touch the sky,  
And thousand hands shall ring from tier to tier.

We deal, beside, in tales, essays and history,  
In dinner-talk, and anecdote, and wit :  
In short, there is no Craft, or Art, or Mystery,  
But we can suit you with a Ghost for it.

Then languish no more, O ye Rich !  
You may buy what Dame Nature denied,  
In the Temple of Genius a niche,  
And approval of conscience beside.  
Our Capital, millions—in Genius, at call :  
The Profits, enormous : unheard of in story.  
The "Ghost Universal" will satisfy all ;  
For the artist, your gold : for consumers, his glory.

W. B.

HORACE,  
Bk. II., ODE 3. 'ÆQUAM MEMENTO,'  
ETC.

*(A Free Version.)*

---

It is so ordered, Dellius ; thou must die :  
Spend life then wisely ; in adversity  
    Be not downfallen, neither too elated  
    If with a happy fortune thou art mated.

Pause we not on the course of duty stern  
In days of trouble : let us rather turn  
    To festive seasons with the wine-cup shining  
    Among the flowers, where thou art reclining

Under the white-leaved poplar and broad pine  
That with inlacing foliage combine  
    To make a cool shade by some river's margin,  
    In eddying course the ear with sweet tones charging

While flows the cellar's best, and on the green  
The banquet delicately spread is seen,  
    The world and all its busy cares forgetting  
    Only the shortness of the joy regretting.

For thou must leave thy purchased property,  
Thine house, and pleasant villa on the lea  
By yellow Tiber. All of thine amassing  
Some day will surely be to others passing.

Rich, and with pedigree without a blot,  
Or poor and nurtured in a beggar's cot,  
Death knows no differences, all compelling  
To end existence in his dismal dwelling ;

There all must go, the die for all is cast,  
For all the unrelenting law is past ;  
In all our joys inevitably glooming'  
This sentence lurks, eternal exile dooming.



QUISQUILIÆ QUÆDAM MEDICO-  
LEGALES.

---

THE PRISONER'S COUNSEL'S UNIVERSAL DEFENCE  
POWDER.

R. Splendor Lunæ  $\bar{3}$  viij.  
Mat. Extran. 3 vij.  
Jargon Commun. quant. suff.  
Fiat pulvis in oculos juratorum pro re natâ injiciend.

PERGE LENTÈ.

Halfway 'twixt Alkali and Acid halts  
The mild neutrality of Epsom Salts :  
Neutral, yet armed with power to sweep clean  
My colon, ileum, and duodene.

DE MORBI GALlici REMEDIIS.

Mercurius Veneri infelici proximus instat,  
Nymphaque mox sequitur Sarsaparilla deum.

LA DIVE BOUTEILLE.

Ton mépris, ta froideur  
Ont glacé tout mon cœur,  
Mais avec la bouteille  
Ma gaieté se réveille.

Quand je verse son sang  
Dans un joyeux étang,  
Sa chaleur me console  
Et mon chagrin s'envole.

Son reflet me révèle  
Un amour bien fidèle  
Que dans tous tes appas  
Je ne trouverais pas.

IDEM-ANGLICE.

Your coldness, my beauty, your scorn,  
My innermost heart-strings have torn ;  
No remedy sweeter I ask  
Than is found in this delicate flask.  
Its life-blood I joyously spill ;  
And as bumper on bumper I fill,  
If I pause to remember your kisses,  
'Tis to find 'em less charming than this is  
This mistress is constant and true  
(Which can scarcely be boasted of you) ;  
Young love's but a fool to old wine,  
So here's to the Bottle Divine !

W. H. P.

## MR. MORTON'S BUTLER.

---

### I.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, in 'La Pipe d'Opium,' relates the strange opium-born dream in which he found himself again smoking that intoxicating drug with M. Alphonse Karr, and suddenly observed to his host that he had had the ceiling repainted, to which M. Karr replied—

'Le plafond s'ennuyait apparemment d'être noir, il s'est mis en bleu ; après les femmes, je ne connais rien de plus capricieux que les plafonds ; c'est une fantaisie de plafond, voilà tout, rien n'est plus ordinaire.'

This explanation has always appeared to me to be exceedingly pleasing and capable of wide application to all sorts of events which without its existence would clamour vainly for expounding. If there ever had been—as there was not—any danger of my forgetting it, frequent companionship with Charlie Morton would have served to keep me reminded of it. Neither woman nor ceiling could be more full of caprices than Morton, and the unexpected way in which he took up for a time pursuits between which and himself one could discern no kind of

connection made the 'fantasie de plafond' explanation peculiarly applicable to him.

Among other things, constant as he was to his friends, so long as he did not see any of them for too long at a time, he loved to be constantly surrounded in his daily life by new faces, and therefore frequently changed his servants—except his cook, whom he never saw, and a kind of body-servant and steward in one, who was an attached and admirable servant, and who, at certain intervals, either sojourned in the country for a time, or managed, if his master were in special need of his services, to make considerable changes in his facial appearance, and even in his voice. To this man, Thompson, was entrusted the duty of engaging and dismissing the other servants, and knowing well his master's fondness for absolute novelty, he sometimes went rather out of his way to engage people who had some peculiarity of appearance.

I went once to a bachelor dinner with Morton, just after the end of a certain agitation concerning modern sorcery, in which he had been taking a lively interest, urging whatever influence he could against certain people whom he denounced with an anger and a disbelief in the possibility of spirits, ghosts, and *diablerie* of all kinds, of which the violence was for a time, as with most of his quickly taken up and dropped fancies, amusing.

In Morton's house, on the evening of which I speak, there appeared a new butler, in which there was nothing strange; and this new butler was a very odd-looking fellow, and in this too there was nothing strange. But

he was perhaps the oddest of the odd lot that I had seen there. He had a yellow parchment-like face, the skin of which seemed to have been tightened like a drum-head, none of his features fitted each other, and his curiously piercing black eyes, the seeming youth of which was in odd contrast to the aged look of the rest of the face, had in them a strange expression which I could not fathom ; indeed the man's aspect had an odd fascination for me, and I was both startled and ashamed when I was roused from a reverie in which I must have been half-unconsciously staring hard at him, by his asking me what name he should announce. It may be purely fanciful to note that when I gave him my name—which had lately appeared at the bottom of an article concerning superstitions ancient and modern—I thought I detected a curious lighting up of the young eyes in the old tight-drawn face, and that his carefully subdued and respectful tone of voice seemed to me to convey a curiously grating—I cannot say note, but impression. It reminded me, I could not tell why, for there was no defined likeness, of the terrible Coppelius as described by Hoffmann in 'Der Sandmann.'

Knowing Morton as I did, I was but moderately surprised at finding from the dinner conversation that his late crusade against superstitions concerning 'witches and other night fears' had led him to look more into the subject, and as a consequence to entirely change his point of view. The question was one which had always amused and, in the hands of such writers as Hoffmann and others, delighted me. We talked of Hoffmann's

stories, of Gautier's 'Deux Acteurs pour un Rôle,' of Cazotte's weird 'Diable Amoureux,' and of the extraordinary gift of prophecy assigned to Cazotte himself in a well-known story. We went on to discuss Cazotte's interview with the mysteriously cloaked *Illuminatus*, who puzzled him by giving mysterious signs, of the stranger's surprise at finding that Cazotte 'did not know what the' (here the new butler drowned a word in a clatter of plates, awkwardly dropped) 'to make of them,' and of Cazotte's being then as a matter of necessity admitted as a neophyte into an Order of which he was supposed from his book to be already a member in the highest grade.

Presently, when dessert was on the table, Morton, who had all this time been talking with enthusiasm and liveliness, cried to me—

'Darsie, did you ever come across a queer old romance which was written by James Hogg, and which is called "The Confessions of a Sinner"?'

As it happened I knew this very remarkable and now half-forgotten book intimately, and we proceeded to discuss it at some length. We agreed that it was one of the best imagined and best executed tales of *diablerie* ever written; that the Defoe-like and ingeniously dovetailed details of the dark narrative carried conviction with them as one read; and that it was very easy to rise from reading them, agreeing with Mr. Toobad, in 'Nightmare Abbey,' that 'the Devil had come among us, having great wrath.' The book is one which I have always admired, and I should have thoroughly enjoyed talking over it but for the constant interruptions of the new

butler, who was for ever finding some more or less frivolous pretext for entering the room and hanging about the table. Oddly enough, Morton, who was generally excessively fussy about interruptions of this kind, appeared to be quite unconscious of the bad training exhibited by his new butler.

In the smoking-room after dinner the conversation took a different turn, and the only reference to what we had been talking about was found in Morton's announcement that he meant to call a new racer of his 'My Illustrious Friend,' the title given to the tempter by the tempted man in 'The Confessions of a Sinner.' The new butler, somewhat, I confess, to my relief, did not appear in the smoking-room.

As I was going away, Thompson came forward to me in the hall, offering me a light for my cigar; and I was just going to make some half-chaffing inquiry of him as to the queer fish he had engaged as butler, when he suddenly disappeared, in obedience, as I supposed, to some call from his master, and I found myself face to face with the new butler, who presented to me, not a lighted match, but a large volume bound in vellum, fitted with a lock, and bearing a strange Eastern-looking inscription in red characters. With the same rather uncanny modulation of voice that I had observed before, he asked if I would favour Mr. Morton by writing my name in it—it was an idea that he had lately started to keep an autograph record of his guests. The thing in itself surprised me little or not at all, for Morton was quite capable of taking up that or any other whim; but it did seem to me strange that

Morton himself should have said not a word about this new fancy. This, however, was but a momentary impression, and carelessly taking up the gnarled goose-quill which was put into my hand charged with red ink, I was about to sign my name, when the very odd appearance of the new butler again caught my attention and delayed the movement of my fingers. Probably he misinterpreted my hesitation, for, turning over the pages, he said—

‘I can assure you, sir, we have some very distinguished names in this book.’

As he spoke a curious change came over him or over me—a change which I was, on after-reflection, more than willing to attribute to my having followed up some excellent Bordeaux by some equally excellent Madeira. His youthful eyes seemed to flash with a baleful fire, his old parchment-like skin to be suddenly covered with innumerable wrinkles, or innumerable characters of woe and horror. Fire seemed to scintillate from the claw-like fingers with which he held the pen, and to follow his footsteps as he moved towards me, while in his whole aspect there was an air of hideous but withal majestic triumph. In fine, I felt quite suddenly that, whether having great wrath or not, the Devil had come amongst us. At the same time I felt a curious longing to sign my name, and in the signing, as I felt in spite of the longing, to incur consequences which might at least be serious. Suddenly a happy instinct came to my rescue. Holding the pen, with fingers impelled against my will, close to the paper, and looking at the new butler, who now seemed again to be just such an



odd fish as I had thought him at first and nothing more, I said—

‘I will sign on one condition.’

Again I thought I saw a fiendish gleam in his eyes as he answered—

‘Any condition you like to name—any conditions—whatever you please.’

Then, tapping him on the shoulder, I said kindly but firmly—

‘Reform, dear boy, reform.’

For a moment he gasped, his parchment-skin assumed a dull red hue, as of fire flowing through it, and I knew not what next to expect, when Thompson approached me again with a light, the new butler resumed his normal appearance, and I wondered how my Madeira-heated fancy could have conjured up the Devil out of a queer, shambling, honest fellow, whose only really remarkable oddity was the contrast between his eyes and his skin. As I was going out, Thompson called to me—

‘Beg pardon, Mr. Latimer, your shoe-strings are hanging so long that you may trip over them.’

The new butler, with respectful eagerness, pressed forward to fasten them tighter, but the odd waking dream I had had about him availed to make me wave him off with thanks.

Once in the air, and with a good cigar of Morton's in my mouth, I could not but be amused at the queer result of our *diablerie* talk. Indeed, when I had walked half a mile or more, I found myself laughing out loud, and at the same moment stumbled over something and fell,

catching myself such a crack over the sconce that for a few seconds I was half unconscious. When I came to myself, I found four or five persons round me, one of whom was descanting upon the monstrosity of leaving open the coal-cellar trap over which he said I had fallen. Unluckily I knew better. I had seen as I fell, and I saw now, that the real cause of my tumble was the exceeding length of my shoe-strings, which had caught in Morton's door as I went away, which had lasted me for the half-mile or more I had walked, and which had then pulled me up without warning. Indeed, so well did I know this, that my first speech was an entreaty to have the strings cut which held me prisoner.

'Poor gentleman,' said one of the little crowd, 'he ain't quite come to himself—he's wandering, like ;' but at the same moment a policeman, with piercing black eyes and a yellow skin, under cover of bending down to look after me, cut the strings with his truncheon as if it had been a knife, and helped me to my feet.

He then observed with admirable hypocrisy that I ought to take proceedings against the owner of the coal-cellar flap, and asked me for my name and address. In the agitation of the moment I was about to give him these, when he said, with a voice which I recognised in spite of his attempt to disguise it, that it was well to have these things in writing, and produced a book which was the facsimile in little of the one produced by Mr. Morton's butler. The small crowd, with characteristic love of meddling, urged me to take this excellent advice, when I remembered the presence of mind displayed by

the old gentleman who met an escaped lion in Piccadilly. His case was better than mine, for a menagerie lion may very likely be as frightened at his new freedom as are the people that he meets, whereas the lion whom I had met was, I knew on good authority, constantly seeking whom he might devour, and seemed specially anxious to devour me. However, I followed the old gentleman's example, and hailing a hansom which came up, attracted by the disturbance, I leapt swiftly into it, and drove away amid the hoots of the lately sympathising but now indignant crowd.

These events were, it may be admitted, exciting enough, but I had not yet done, as I felt sure when I got up the next morning, with Mr. Morton's butler. The first thing I did was to make some excuse for calling at Morton's house, and getting a word with Thompson. I tried to refer in a casual and airy manner to the new butler, but I felt quite sure that Thompson, who replied in the same tone, knew as well as I did, and was equally unwilling to confess, that there was something more than common about his latest acquisition in the servant line. I gave some brief account of my accident, and said with as little effort as I could—

‘By-the-bye—but I suppose it must have been fancy—I thought I caught sight of the fellow in the crowd round me.’

‘He did not leave the house, sir,’ said Thompson, gravely.

‘Precisely,’ I rejoined, and the utterance of that very

commonplace word made me feel meaner than I have often done in my life.

A few nights after this I was going to hear what the extreme left of the Wagnerite section call 'the disgusting olla-podrida of Meyerbeer,' in *Robert le Diable*; and I may here observe that, apart from the merits or demerits of Meyerbeer, it is a good joke to speak of an olla-podrida as disgusting, though to be sure it might be made so by German cookery or uncookery, which can, when it likes, be very 'curious and disgusting.' I went with an old friend of mine, an operatic critic, in a small box on the third tier.

It was my friend's habit to jot down notes of the performance as it went on, in his *libretto*, and just before the overture began he discovered that he had forgotten his pencil. I rummaged vainly in my pockets, and he was about to apply to a box-keeper, when a man sitting in an end stall on the other side of the house got up, and with a polite bow stretched his arm, his hand holding a pencil, right across the theatre up to our box. This surprising incident took place in a house nearly full of people. Not one of them took the slightest notice of it. All my friend said was—

'So you have found a pencil at last?'

Of course, I knew who it was who had done this, and waited with a kind of dumb resignation for what was to come next. Between the acts the man in the end stall levelled his opera-glass at us—I could feel the piercing of his eyes through it, or rather, the eyes seemed to have taken the place of the lenses—and moved from this

place. I tried to get away, but my friend kept me in talk, and in a minute came the tap which I expected at the door. There limped into the box a spare, loosely built, heavily bearded man, with a parchment skin and flashing eyes.

‘Mandeville!’ exclaimed my friend with effusion; and I must say the name struck as curiously appropriate. He then explained to me that I had often heard him talk of his old friend, the well-known traveller, Captain Mandeville, which was not true, and introduced us to each other. The captain behaved with exemplary politeness, and presently fell into more or less confidential talk with my friend, casting now and again a curious glance at me.

‘Darsie,’ said my friend, just before the curtain rose again, ‘Mandeville has in his possession part of any early draft of the score for *Robert le Diable*.’

‘To say nothing,’ interposed our visitor, ‘of the first—the very first—score of Tartini’s *Trillo*.’

‘He has asked me to dine with him to-morrow or next day—it must for the moment be doubtful which—when he will tell us a curious history concerning it.’

Here again the visitor interposed to explain with much courtesy that he would be very glad if I would come too. As it happened, I was engaged for both the days mentioned, but for the life of me I could not say so, and felt impelled, with my knees loosened like those of all the Latins with dismay, to murmur an expression of thanks.

‘If you will kindly give me your address,’ said the stranger, ‘I will write about the day and hour as soon as

I get back to my hotel ;' and with these words he produced a tiny gold-clasped *carnet*, the meaning of which I knew only too well.

Once again my unwilling fingers were on the point of signing, when the curtain rose on the wayside cross beside which Alice sits, and the traveller vanished with a suddenness and instantaneousness which seemed not to surprise my friend. When I referred afterwards to the fact that the door had not opened, that our visitor had not climbed down the boxes, and that yet he had certainly left us in a second, my friend said—

'Ah, queer fellow—great traveller—up to all kinds of dodges.' And as to the truth of the last statement I had no manner of doubt.

The dinner I took pains to avoid by throwing over all my engagements and going down to see a friend in the country the next day. The journey was a long one, and I made friends at its beginning with the guard, who got me a carriage to myself. During one of the stoppages, at about 7.45 in the evening, and just as the train was about to start, I found that I had dropped my cigar-case and match-box. I was about to see if there were yet time to communicate with my friend the guard, and through him get from the refreshment-room whatever they might have in the way of tobacco, when a stranger stepped nimbly into the carriage, a bell was rung, the engine-driver whistled, and the train started. The first act of the stranger, at whom, annoyed at my seclusion being broken, I did not look, was to say—

‘You have lost your cigar-case and match-box; let me supply the deficiency.’

I was by this time so accustomed to the unexpected, that the remark seemed to me a merely ordinary piece of civility, and so much off my guard was I that I watched with lazy interest the stranger’s hand, as it produced an enormous chest of cigars and hundreds of match-boxes from a very exiguous hand-bag.

‘These,’ said the stranger, as I took a cigar, ‘are curious matches. They are called the pen-match, or, if you prefer it, the match-pen, which comes as a boon and a blessing to men. They have been lately patented, and their merit is that they will write on the solid darkness. Conceive the saving of time! Let me show you.’ With this he struck a match, which burnt with a dull red glow, and blew out (through its glass shade) the carriage lamp. ‘Now,’ he continued, ‘see if you cannot write your name on this admirable sheet of darkness.’

By this time I was awake to the situation, and in the folly and the horror of the moment I flew straight at the stranger’s throat. No sooner had I done so than the whole roof of the carriage fell with a mighty crash around me, leaving me, but for a few bruises, unhurt, but pilloried, so to speak, among the fragments, which formed a kind of collar round my neck, that held me motionless. Directly afterwards the train stopped, some one in the adjoining carriage, horrified at the crash, having pulled the cord, and my friend the guard came to my assistance. When, with great difficulty, he had extricated me, he said, not unnaturally, ‘Why the devil must have



been in this carriage.' To which I still less unnaturally replied, 'That is exactly what he was.'

Struck by the calmness with which I said this, the guard looked at me, and, observing that I was no doubt a bit shaken, begged me to stop at the next station, only five miles off, and put up at an excellent hotel kept by a connection of his own. This I foolishly consented to do, wishing to rest after my latest adventure ; and I accordingly had my traps carried to 'The Crown.' The house looked comfortable ; the landlady was full of sympathy, and the bill of fare was full of excellent things. I looked forward to the refreshment of a good night's rest, when the good-natured looking hostess came bustling up to me and asked me to write my name in the visitors' book. I am bound to say that on this occasion my suspicions may have been entirely unfounded, but not the less I fled precipitately, leaving the people of the house to think that my head was affected by my late accident. When I got back to town in the morning, I sought out my operative friend, and said to him :

'I suppose you dined with Mand—with your friend the captain, last night?'

'Yes,' he replied ; 'we missed you much ;—and, by the way, he said, oddly enough, as we sat down to dinner, that he hoped you were having a pleasant journey. Have you been away?'

To which I answered feebly enough, 'I don't know.'

After this, I was left for some time in peace. Possibly 'my illustrious friend' had other fish to fry. Anyhow, I had practically banished the whole matter from my mind,



having set it down to nerves, liver, over-work, anything that would account for its unreality, when one day as I was working in my study, correcting some proof-sheets which Morton had submitted to my judgment, concerning superstitions, which, for a wonder, were still a favourite subject with him, my servant announced that a gentleman wished to see me on particular business. I was not sorry to interrupt my work for a moment. The gentleman, whose name on his card I recognised as that of an active member of a religious sect, was shown up. His face was almost entirely hidden by a luxurious growth of hair ; but what little of it was visible was pitted with small-pox marks. He had come to me to speak about a certain religious movement, on which I had been writing. He paid me many compliments, and put before me certain arguments on what I had always thought the wrong side, the cogency and brilliancy of which struck me with amazement. Presently, he was so good as to ask for my autograph—which he said he would value much in the distant shores to which he was returning. I was flattered, and was about to write it, when I saw his attention caught by a curious cross-handled dagger, which was revealed by my moving some papers which had concealed it. I gave him some account of its history, to which he listened in a *distract* manner, and then, harking back to theology, talked so rapidly and brilliantly on subjects connected with the proof-sheets before me, that I forgot for a time his request for the autograph. This, however, I finally wrote, as he had asked, in the form of a letter on the subject he had at heart, and, still talking or listening, put

it in an envelope, and bent over it to seal it with a signet attached to the cross-handled dagger, saying at the same time—

‘You think, then, that there is no such thing as a personal devil?’

I got no answer, and when I looked up, surprised, my visitor had vanished. Looking out of my window, I saw him sitting on a hill a quarter of a mile off, and heard him say in a voice which I now remembered only too well—

‘Pardon me, I never said anything of the sort.’

In spite of myself, I replied, without raising my voice, but with an immense feeling of relief, ‘Good-bye ;’ to which he answered, as he disappeared over the brow of the hill—

‘Oh dear, no ! *Au plaisir de vous revoir !*’

## II.

It was a considerable time after the events just recorded that I got a letter from an old and favourite aunt of mine in the country, speaking of a friend of hers, a certain Lady Volant, of whom I had never before heard, and asking for my help on this friend's behalf. Lady Volant, it seemed, was in legal difficulties of a delicate kind with regard to the behaviour of some of her family, and, of course, this behaviour concerned the disposition of property.

Before taking any definite step, she was most anxious to consult some one who could be entirely trusted, who would give an unbiassed opinion, and who would, after hearing all the circumstances, point out what solicitor, if any, would be best fitted to take the matter up. Though I had practically left the bar, my aunt thought I could probably advise Lady Volant as to a solicitor, and, as it happened, I could. She also not only thought but felt sure that I was just the person to deal with so delicate a matter, which was flattering.

'Would I,' she asked, in conclusion, 'do her a personal favour by calling next day on Lady Volant, at an

address in the wilds of St. John's Wood, at eleven in the morning?'

The undertaking was peculiarly inconvenient, but I owed my aunt a debt of much kindness, and, with a light-heartedness which seldom deserts me, made up my mind to the sacrifice of a day. Had I known how the day would be spent, I might have been less light-hearted.

I started next morning in one of the gondolas of London, and was driven to the house indicated in St. John's Wood. It was a house with a strip of ground and a few blades of grass in front of it, and with an outer door, shut, to guard this ground. At the bell of this door I had just rung, when my cabman, bending down confidentially, said, in a cabman's whisper—

'I think, sir, you'll find them waiting for you inside.'

I was, I confess, surprised; but thought it meet to say 'Thank you,' in a common-place way, and walk through the garden-door, which suddenly stood open instead of being shut. The cabman had spoken truly. The house-door was also wide open, and 'they,' in the shape of a most respectable footman, stood waiting for me inside.

'Is Lady Volant at home?' I asked, expecting an immediate 'Yes, sir.' What I got was a critical examination from head to foot, and the words, 'I will see, sir,' delivered, as it seemed to me, with a curiously sarcastic intonation.

The footman then left me standing at one end of a long hall, lighted with painted windows, and himself disappeared at the other end of it. No sooner was his

back turned than the whistles of speaking-tubes began to sound in shrill succession all around me, while strange tootings of horns and scrapings of strings, as of a fiend-children's concert, were heard overhead. This lasted without intermission for five minutes, at the end of which the footman reappeared at the other end of the hall running rapidly. He ran down the hall ; he ran past me ; he ran to the front door, which he flung open with eagerness. He gazed painfully round the strip of ground, and then exchanging his run for an amble, he returned to me and said :

‘ I beg your pardon, sir, she is not at home.’

What with the noise of horns and fiddles, the constant whistling, and the strangeness of the whole thing, I felt so bewildered that I found nothing better to say than ‘ Oh, thank you,’ with which words I took up my hat. As I did so innumerable gongs of incredible sonorousness seemed to be struck with one accord in every corner of the house, and amidst their overpowering din I made my way back to my friendly cabman, who, as soon as I was in the cab, drove off.

It did not occur to me that he had started without knowing, or at any rate without asking, where we were going. As we went on I got more and more annoyed and bored at what had happened, and when, after we had covered about half a mile, he asked through the trap-door, ‘ Where shall I drive you, sir ?’

I answered petulantly, ‘ Oh, drive me where you like—drive me to the——’

At that moment a shrill voice cried, ‘ Stop ! pray stop !’

The cabman pulled up, and I, looking out, saw close beside us a huge hansom cab, painted black with scarlet wheels, containing a very tiny page, who flourished an envelope frantically towards me. I leant out, took it from him, and found that it contained a telegram from my aunt addressed to me at the house I had just left, and couched in these words:—

‘Inexplicable mistake. Very sorry to trouble you. Lady Volant at 10, Boulogne Villas, Peacock Road Station. Pray follow her. Trains every twenty minutes from Euston.’

‘Very well,’ I said, in a leaden, mechanical way, to the page-boy, ‘I will go.’

‘Thank you, sir,’ he replied, with infinite respect, mingled as I thought on after-reflection with an impish malevolence.

So far the events which had befallen me were certainly odd enough; but then my aunt, charming as she was, was eccentric, and it was natural that her friends should be eccentric. Not for a moment did I dream of associating this day’s events with any of my previous experiences. I simply accepted what seemed to me the inevitable, and took a train, as the telegram directed, to Peacock Road Station, as to which all I knew was that it belonged to a new suburb.

When I got there I found a large station, a station full of interweaving lines and multitudinous platforms, a station which was a vast expanse of pavement and railroad, and in which not a single human being was to be discerned. I was consumed with an honest desire to

deliver up my ticket, but I could see no one to whom by any possibility it could be delivered up, until in a corner I came upon a lampman sitting dreamily on a bench and smoking a long German pipe. This was odd, but it was not odder than the rest ; and the black hansom, and the page, and the whole thing seemed to hang well enough together, so that I merely said to him :

‘ I want to give up this ticket.’

‘ Yes, sir,’ he replied, without moving, ‘ you may just as well give it to me as anybody else ;’ and against this proposition I had nothing to offer.

When he had taken the ticket I felt emboldened to ask him where Boulogne Villas were, and he replied that they were a matter of a mile and a half off. This, as the day was fine, and he gave me very clear directions as to the route, was not much of a misfortune, and I started for Boulogne Villas, little thinking of the wisdom, which I had before and have since so much respected, of Mr. Toobad’s philosophy. My way lay through that cheerless waste belonging to new suburbs, which is all the more cheerless because of its unfinished jauntiness. It had the germ of a mock gaiety and a mock sociable aspect about it. The builder’s boards rising on thin black poles from brick-strewn ground, and vaunting it as the site of an eligible residence or of a ‘ winter garden with unparalleled attractions,’ reminded one, but with a difference, of Balzac’s imaginary decorations of his rooms. It had more of the essence of suburbanism than it could possibly have when the houses were actually built, and it was depressing enough to a mind

trained by the philosophy of the day to deal with essences. This, however, I could endure. What I found it less easy to endure was the sight of a placard upon which I frequently came, and of which the full horror can be appreciated only by those whose fortune or misfortune it has been to study the works of Bullen and Leake and other legal hand-books.

The placard was hung over the entrance to a half-finished arcade, built on the model of the Albany, and bore these mystic and terrifying words, 'The Involuntary Bailee has strict orders to supply all householders with every key of every door, and every door of every key. The mixture of apparently sound common sense and of obviously appalling folly in this announcement fairly staggered me, and when I had read it twice I began to resume my walk hastily, thinking that to eat no breakfast and to smoke a great many cigarettes was no doubt a bad thing, but filled not the less with the firm belief that I had read the inscription aright, and that the folly was not in me, but in some mad fellow who had put it up in a waggishness. Indeed, when I had gone about a hundred yards further I felt irresistibly impelled to go back again and see the matter of this placard, so far as might be, to its end.

Advancing to what looked like a porter's lodge at the entrance of the arcade, I found, behind a hastily run-up glass door, a little squat, common-place man, with an odd air of newness—just such a man as fitted such a place.

'Are you,' I asked him, without a moment's hesitation, 'the Involuntary Bailee?'



He replied in the most matter-of-fact way that he was, and his tone was of so ordinary a kind that I felt no emotion but curiosity. This, however, I felt so strongly that—Heaven forgive me for lying!—I proceeded to say that I wished to know all about the arcade, as I was thinking of taking rooms there. He then went into questions of rent, and so forth, and ended by asking if I would leave my name and address with him in order that he might send me further and better particulars, producing at the same time a book in which I might inscribe myself. Constitutional stupidity was at the moment so strong with me, that I merely reflected that it might be a bore to be let in for a correspondence, and told him that I would think the matter over and would write to him.

On receiving this answer he glanced at me literally like a fiend, and I must ask to be believed when I state that even this had no effect upon my mind. There is a well-known proverb about a long spoon, but perhaps it is possible for one's host to provide for his own purposes a spoon somewhat too long—a spoon which passes harmlessly over the head of the person that it is meant to catch up. Anyhow it is certain that mere bewilderment—allied, as I have said, with a certain ingrained dulness—availed for a long time on this remarkable morning to make me accept with indifference, or, at least, with a mild wonder, whatever befell me, and, it may be, thus to avoid various pitfalls.

About a quarter of a mile from the arcade I came upon a bridge with a toll-bar. The keeper of this toll-bar was a man of gigantic stature, whose legs and feet came out

of his hut, while his body and arms remained inside. On one foot he wore a stocking of thin stuff, divided into separate toe-caps. These he stretched out to receive my toll, and, acting on I know what impulse, I put into his foot the sum of fivepence-halfpenny. He then said—and I have since thought that it was a stupid thing for him to say—

‘If you had not had the right sum with you, you would have had to write your name in my book.’

I looked at him, however, in vacant amazement, and went on my way.

On the other side of the bridge was a neat-looking roadside inn, and as by this time I was somewhat tired, dusty, and thirsty, I turned into the bar to ask for a glass of beer. The landlord, as I supposed, a rubicund, jovial kind of person, came shuffling up to me, and asked me if I would not go into the parlour, where I could sit down and be more at ease. I readily assented, and he then promised to bring me in a glass of a very particular kind of ale, which it was not everybody who could appreciate. It was kept at the very back of the cellar, and it would, he feared, take him a minute or two to get it up; but perhaps I would not mind that.

I did not mind in the least; and while the host was gone, I amused myself in an absent, mechanical way by scribbling my name with a pen on a piece of blank paper, as I thought, which lay beside me on the table. Just as I signed my name for the third time, I heard a slight noise behind me, and, turning my head, perceived

that my host had re-entered, carrying a jug and a glass, by a door at my back.

He looked even more pleased and jovial than before, and prepared to set down the glass. I stretched out my hand to take it from him, with a word of thanks ; and as I did so, a lighted cigarette dropped from my fingers, fell upon the paper which I had covered with my signature, and set it in a blaze. I tried to extinguish it, but was too late ; it was completely burned up. The host stood as if glued to his place ; he trembled from head to foot, his eyes rolled, and he cried in a kind of roaring whisper :

‘Has ! has ! my dinkorlitz !’

The words immediately started in me a train of recollection. He must have seen this in my face ; for he immediately recovered himself, overwhelmed me with assurances that the paper was valueless—I had afterwards reason to believe that, whatever its value to him, its destruction was of very great moment to me—gave some nonsensical but plausible explanation of the odd language he had used, and succeeded in so flustering me, that, so to speak, he stamped out the spark of memory before the train it was laid to was well alight. It was not till afterwards that I remembered where the words came from, and how I happened to be acquainted with them.

‘You said,’ I proceeded to observe, ‘that this was particularly good beer.’

‘And so it is, sir,’ he replied, filling the glass from the jug ; ‘none know it better than I do.’

With this he drank off at a gulp the liquor, which went hissing down his throat, and disappeared with incredible swiftness through an open door. Nor on following him could I find any trace either of him or of any other living creature in the house.

Pursuing my bewildered way in the direction pointed out to me by the friendly lampman at the station, I presently arrived at Boulogne Villas, and rang at the door where I had been told to look for Lady Volant. The bell was immediately answered in a somewhat unexpected way by a servant, who ascended the steps from behind my back, unbolted the door from the front, entered the house, and then assumed the conventional attitude of a footman who opens a door.

‘Is Lady Volant at home?’ I inquired.

‘I do not know, sir,’ replied the fellow, with a strong French accent; ‘but, if you will come in, I will inquire. Sir Volant, I know, is here.’

I let him show me into a drawing-room, and while he was away fell to wondering whether Frenchmen would ever learn to interpret English titles correctly, and to wondering what the baptismal name before Volant could be—that there was no Lord Volant I knew.

‘Sir Volant,’ I repeated to myself, ‘Sir Volant—how ridiculous it seems!—but, surely, I have seen the name somewhere before. Where can it have been?’

At this moment a stately, sad-looking personage, who seemed to walk somewhat stiffly, entered the room, and, greeting me courteously, while he thanked me profusely for coming, explained that Lady Volant was suffering

from a severe headache, and had asked him to be her interpreter. The man interested me strangely, the more because I could not rid myself of a notion that I had seen him somewhere before; but he had given me no direct clue as to his personality, although I felt sure he was the French servant's 'Sir Volant.'

'I have the pleasure,' I said, 'of speaking to——'

'Exactly,' he replied, and, motioning me to a chair, sat down hastily and pulled out a bundle of papers. From these, having explained that the proceeding was necessary for the understanding of Lady Volant's case, he began to read in a droning, grating voice, which, in spite of its jarring quality, had a decidedly soporific tendency, while his words and phrases seemed to me ever to contain some strange and fateful meaning which I could not fully discern. At last the name 'Volant' struck heavily on my ear, through a jumble of sounding clauses, and I exclaimed hastily, without a second's reflection:

'Your Christian name, you say, is——'

The reader bent upon me one withering look of hatred and scorn, and resumed his reading as if nothing had happened. For me I fell back in a sort of numb silence. More and more tortuous grew the reader's phraseology, and, as Herr von Wolzogen says of the *motif* for Fafner (*als Wurm*) in the Nibelung's Ring trilogy, more and more 'heavy and snake-like its windings.' It seemed to me that I was ringed and enwrapped with bewildering convolutions of sonorous nonsense, but that it was, mayhap, my own stupidity that made it seem nonsense. All the time the reader kept his black, piercing eyes

fixed steadily on me. At length he stopped, and, passing over a sheet of paper to me, said :

‘In short, if you will sign your name there, the whole thing will be settled.’

And so, no doubt, it might have been. Stupidly I took the pen, stupidly I was about to sign, when I looked up and saw in the reader's eyes a look of malignant triumph, that I now remembered but too well. Suddenly the whole thing flashed upon me. What was the ‘Has! has! my dinkorlitz!’ of the innkeeper but a fragment of Swedenborg's fiend-language—how was it that the voice of the reader and the name of Sir Volant seemed familiar to me? I leapt to my feet, and cried wildly——

‘Sir Volant—Sir Volant! ah! I remember now the words in the Walpurgis night-scene of “Faust”—ah! I know you now!’

On the instant the reader's face changed. The eyes kept their piercing blackness and youth, while the skin shrivelled into wrinkles and grew to a dull parchment hue, and with this the countenance wore an aspect of immeasurable and terrifying anger. He advanced towards me with a long, livid hand outstretched. I fled towards the door. The hand pursued me. I doubled back to the window, and there was the hand, interposed between the glass and me, while the crackling sound of the reader's low-toned laughter came from the furthest corner of the vast room. Suddenly—as such things will come to one at strange times—I murmured a few words

of a Zulu exorcism which I had picked up from a travelled friend.

The laughter ceased; the hand vanished. I dashed open the French window with my foot, and rushed on to the lawn unhurt through the shivering glass. Once there, I ran as hard as I could to the station, and was carried back to town without any further manifestation of the diabolical persecution from which I had suffered. As soon as I got to my rooms I looked for my aunt's letter. It had disappeared, which surprised me but little.

Two days later I met her, and took an occasion of asking her if she knew Lady Volant. My aunt—I have said she is eccentric—replied, with some asperity—

‘Lady Volant? No. I don't believe there's any such person. And if there was, I wouldn't touch her with a pair of tongs.’

I reflected that, supposing the acquaintance possible, the tongs would probably be in the hands of the other party to it; but this reflection I thought it prudent to keep to myself.

W. H. P.

## AT MOSES' WELLS. †

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(These verses, found among Professor PALMER's papers, were written by him on his first visit to the Ayun Musa in 1869. It was close by this place that he was killed on August 12th, 1882.)

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AND this is Moses' holy well,  
And here the Hebrews had to cross,  
And here the old Khedive fell  
With all his squadrons—foot and horse.

And here beneath the waves he lies,  
And, formidable e'en in death,  
He makes yon sulphurous waters rise  
By gasping with his angry breath.

So here we tread the sacred soil  
Where Israel left hard Pharaoh's task  
For forty years of harder toil—  
Here, Ali—pass the brandy flask !



These waters dried when Moses took  
His wand, and left an easy track.  
Hi ! mind that camel there, Abook !  
He's got the liquor on his back.

But Moses—he is dead by now,  
Death creepeth upon some by stealth,  
Surpriseth others—anyhow,  
We'll drink the Beni Israel's health !

E. A. P

## THE ASCETIC.

### I.

(PUNJAB, B.C. 327.)

#### Ο ΓΥΜΝΟΣΟΦΟΣ.

Τίς με βοή, τί θέαμα καθημένον ἐνθάδ' ἰάνει,  
γηράσκονθ' ἱεροῦ παρ ποταμοῦ ῥοαῖς;  
ἀνδρῶν δὴ πυκλιναὶ στίχες αἰδ', αἴγλη τε κiónτων  
ἄσπετος ἐκλάμπει, καὶ κτύπος ἱπποσύνης.  
τῶν θεὸς ἢ βασιλεύς, πάντως κακόν, ἡγεμονεύει·  
Ἕβρις δ' ἡδὲ βίη σκέτλιος ἀμφοτέρων·  
αἶ δειλοί, βασιλῆα θεόν τε προπέμπετε πολλῶ  
σὺν τυπάνων δοῦπῳ σὺν τε χορῶν ἰαχῇ·  
μυρία γὰρ τοιαῦτ' ἔτεκεν φυσίχρος αἶα,  
φάσματα καὶ νεφέλην, τοῖς ἐσιδοῦσι πόνον·  
ὦν ἄπο κἄν γενεῆς ἐπὶ λήϊονος ἀλλαξαίμην,  
νήστισι συνοίαις ἰέμενος θανάτου.  
ἀλλὰ γένοιθ' ὅτε ταῦτ' ἔρροι πάλιν, ὥστε κόνιν  
ἀνδρῶν μαρναμένων ἐσκέδασε Ζεφύρος,  
Ψυχὴ θ', ὡς χθεσινῆς μορφοῆς φθογγῶν τε λέληθε,  
νῆνεμον ἑξανύοι νήγρετος ἡσυχίην.

F. P.

## THE ASCETIC.

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### II.

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ALEXANDRIA, B.C. 49.

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### THERAPEUTA.

Hic ego dum sedeo cessantis margine lymphæ,  
Contemplor liquidi flumina sacra patris :  
At legio densis legionis insistit eunti  
Ordinibus : resonat machina, pila micant.  
Seu deus haud refert, seu rex advenerit ille :  
Robur utrumque nocens exstat, utrumque nefas  
Obsequium muliebres choros, et tympana ducant ;  
Ferre simul reges pergite, ferre deos.  
Scilicet has species formavit dædala tellus,  
Tædia luminibus quæ peperêre meis ;  
Quas mihi fors adimet vitæ felicior ortus :  
Dum mens pura fame sperat avetque mori.  
O ubi solvetur spectrorum evanidus ordo,  
Fumus ut aërio bellicus ille jugo :—  
Hesterni sonitus velut, hesternique colores,—  
Atque animæ dabitur longa, poloque quies?

S. L.

## THE ASCETIC.

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### III.

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(STUDIES AT DELHI, 1876.)

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#### I.

HERE as I sit by the Jumna bank,  
Watching the flow of the sacred stream,  
Pass me the legions, rank on rank,  
And the cannon roar, and the bayonets gleam.

#### II.

Is it a god or a king that comes ?  
Both are evil, and both are strong ;  
With women and worshipping, dancing and drums,  
Carry your gods and your kings along.

#### III.

Fanciful shapes of a plastic earth,  
These are the visions that weary the eye ;  
These I may 'scape by a luckier birth,  
Musing, and fasting, and hoping to die.

IV.

When shall these phantoms flicker away,  
Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-swept hill,  
Like the sounds and colours of yesterday :  
And the soul have rest, and the air be still ?

*(Verses written in India, A. C. L.)*

## L I N E S.

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WHILE musing thus with contemplation fed  
and thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,  
the sweet-tongued Philomel perched o'er my head  
and chanted forth a most melodious strain,  
which rapt me so with wonder and delight,  
I judged my hearing better than my sight,  
and wished me wings with her awhile to take my flight.

'O merry bird!' said I, 'that fears no snares,  
that neither toils nor hoards up in thy barn,  
feels no sad thought nor cruciating cares  
to gain more good or shun what might thee harm ;  
thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meal is everywhere,  
thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,  
remind'st not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear.

A. BRADSTREET.

### IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

STABAM multa movens, studio sic pastus inani,  
Somniaque in vacuo fervebant mille cerebro :  
jamque canora mihi supra caput astitit ales,  
et liquido philomela modos e gutture fudit ;  
obstipui, raptusque nova dulcedine dixi ;  
quanto oculis potior quam traximus aure voluptas !  
meque simul volui sumtis quater æthera pennis :

‘ Fortunata nimis ! cui retia nulla timori,  
Te nullus labor urget, agis neque in horrea messes ;  
nil conscire tibi, nulla pallescere cura  
sorte datum, quo plura petas, quo noxia vites ;  
at passim cibus, at numquam velamina sordent ;  
pocula sunt fontes liquidi tibi, fronsque cubile,  
nec memori veterum nec mox ventura timenti.’

C. S. C.

*The above verses are communicated to the Club by Mr. W. F. Smith, Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge. They were written by C. S. C. for the Tripos Examination of 1856.*

## AUX POÈTES DE LA FRANCE.

(*Épître d'un dynamitard.*)

---

SAINTE confraternité, ne vous en déplaie,  
Notre vieille prosodie—a plus d'un défaut !  
Notre Pégase empêtré n'est pas à son aise ;  
Donnons-lui son libre essor, pour voler là-haut !

Pourquoi toujours, dans nos vers, camper l'hémistiche  
(Quand ils vont sur douze pieds) tout juste au milieu ?  
Règle absurde ! dans ceux-ci, voyez, je m'en fiche !  
(Passez-moi ce mot vulgaire) ils n'en vont que mieux !

(Malgré l'*x* impertinent qui finit la stance,  
Pour l'oreille, *mieux* et *lieu* font un riche accord :  
Pourtant ils ne riment pas—selon l'ordonnance !  
Ce qui prouve, qu'après tout, l'ordonnance a tort !)

Voyez moi émancipé, aussi, du précepte  
Qui défend les *hiatus* ! quand *i* rencontre *a*  
Dans *un* mot—comme “*hiatus*”—la loi les accepte :  
Pourquoi pas dans *deux*, alors ? qui me la dira !



Donc, dans deux mots contigus, lorsque deux voyelles  
Se rencontrent par hasard, ne les rayons pas !  
Pauvres petits innocents que nos lois cruelles,  
Pour un simple préjugé, livrent au trépas !

Tandis qu'à notre *e muet*—coupable indulgence—  
Nous accordons (dans nos vers) pleine liberté !  
Il en use, l'avorton, avec l'insistance  
Et le manque d'apropos d'un enfant gâté !

Et la rime, ô mes enfants ! s'alternant sans cesse !  
Masculine—féminine—*ad infinitum* !  
Belles règles, nom d'un nom ! . . . dont l'emploi nous  
laisse  
Libres comme un collégien faisant un *pensum* !

Tous ces petits procédés, désespoir du barde,  
Nous ont fait du Mont Parnasse un bien triste lieu !  
Et nous en avons banni, sans y prendre garde,  
Philomèle et la fauvette, hôtes du bon dieu !

Où sont nos dactyles, donc ? où sont nos spondées,  
Nous que la latine muse avait animés ?  
Même en cet affreux latin, dont, dans nos lycées,  
L'on abrutit la jeunesse, ils sont supprimés !

Scandez-moi ce fameux vers, d'un de nos célestes :  
“C'était pendant l'horreur d'une profonde nuit ;”  
Sont-ce six iambes ? *presque* !—ou quatre anapestes ?  
*Presque*, encor ; pas *tout-à-fait* ! Singulier produit !

Ô mélodieux anapeste ! élégant dactyle !

Doux trochée ! aimable iambe ! âme de mon luth !  
 Si le roi m'avait donné Paris sa grand' ville  
 Pour filer cent vers sans vous, je lui dirais—" Zut !"

Dans la libre et blonde Albion, point de nos entraves !  
 L'on n'y connaît d'autre loi que l'instinct du son !  
 Les Britons jamais jamais ne seront esclaves !  
 (Ce sont eux qui chantent ça . . . comme ils ont  
 raison !)

Point de sexe dans la rime—et pour la mesure,  
 Onzé, douze, treize pieds—toutes les longueurs !  
 Hiatus à chaque pas !—pourtant je vous jure  
 Que nos vers ne valent pas, à beaucoup près, les leurs.

Treize pieds ! horreur !! mais là ! j'en fais qui en ont  
 treize,  
 (Avec hiatus, encore !) et qui se scandent bien !  
 Or, pourquoi pas quatorze (exemple !) . . . ou quinze—  
 ou même seize ?  
 Pourquoi pas ! le savez-vous ? moi, je n'en sais rien !

Laissez donc tous vos Boileau, Racine et Corneille :  
 Lisez Milton, Pope, Burns—Shelley, Keats, Byron !  
*Shakspeare* ! ! ! . . . et parmi les vifs, rimant à merveille,  
 Browning, Swinburne, et surtout—milord Tennyson !

Quand vous les saurez—par cœur, si vous êtes sages,  
 Je vous permettrai Musset, et le grand Victor ;  
 Pour que vous puissiez comprendre, en lisant leurs pages,  
 Ce qui nous déshérita de la harpe d'or.

Grand Hugo ! charmant Musset ! qui ne les admire !  
Il m'est dur de les choisir—pour comparaison !  
Ils ont fait, ce qu'ils ont fait sur l'ingrate lyre  
Qu'accorda pour *eux* Malherbe . . . à son diapason !

Mais si Dieu les eut créés fils de l'Angleterre  
(Soit dit tout ceci, messieurs, sans vous offenser),  
Combien mieux ce qu'ils on fait, l'eussent-ils pu faire !  
À la bouche m'en vient l'eau . . . rien que d'y penser !

Messieurs, il est encore temps ! notre muse est lasse  
De son corset parisien, si longtemps porté ;  
Libérons ce joli corps, tout pétri de grâce :  
Rendons-lui le naturel—et la nudité !

Point ne suis poète, hélas ! ça, c'est votre affaire,  
Vous sur qui le feu sacré du ciel descendit !  
Je ne puis que vous chanter : “ Vive l'Angleterre ! ”  
Venez-y vous apprendre ! . . . *verbum sap.* J'ai dit.

G. DU M.

## THE PROMISE OF A PLAY.

---

THE piece was cast, and my pipe was alight,  
And I dreamt elate of my Cup's new Mate ;  
Of cheques fast flowing like milk from the Cow,  
Of a full house cheering the opening night ;  
And Agnostics hanging from every bough.  
Oh ! joy for the hopes of my play ;  
Oh ! joy for the hopes of my play !

---

But the pipe dropped a spark in my Sunday hat ;  
And my pen with my ink wrote such stuff, you can't think ;  
And a flea to the rug, and a creak to the door ;  
And the groundlings gibed till my piece fell flat ;  
And they said I had better write plays no more.  
Oh ! grief for the hopes of my play, my play ;  
Oh ! grief for the hopes of my play.



IN MEMORIAM.

E. H. P.



‘IPSE DEUS, SIMUL ATQUE VOLAM, ME SOLVET.’

---

SÆVA Arabum qua tesqua patent, et inhospita passim  
Stant juga, sanguineo nascitur orbe dies ;  
Jam quoque ferali velamine longior umbra  
Culmine de summo dum cadit, ima tegit.  
Lux funesta nitet ; tria, quæ peregrina notavit,  
En capita in letum ducit acerbus Arabas.  
Captorum alter habet phaleras alterque Britannas ;  
Haud facies patrium dedecet illa sagum.  
Tertius imbellem Syrium mentitur Eoä  
Veste ; sed intrepido discrepat ista viro.  
Indignatur atrox animus per barbaram tolli  
Tela ; sed exitium vir petit ipse sibi.  
Vertice præcipiti cara qui supereminet ingens  
Est scopulus ; celsa despicit arce solum.  
Rupis in extremo jam margine constitit ille ;  
Mox Arabas propriis devovet ore deis.  
At furias metuunt patrias ulturaque cædem  
Numina, et auditas turba cruenta preces.

Inde valere jubet socios, et torvus in altum  
 Prosilit : ut rapido turbine noster abest.  
 Ferrea saxa silent ; nec vallibus ingruit horror :  
 Inque polo liquidum lucet, ut ante, jubar.  
 At tibi quidquid erat cari, te corda tuorum,  
 Teque sodalitium plorat, adempte, tuum.

S. L.

Οἶχει δὴ, φίλ' ἑταῖρε, διαμπερές, αἰγίλιπος δὲ  
 Πέτρον ἄπο ριφθὲς κεῖσθαι ὑπὸ πρόποδι.  
 Οὐνεκ' ἀφ' ἡμετέρης στρατίης, παρὰ χέυμασι Νείλου  
 Μαρναμένης, Συρίων βάρβαρον εἵργες Ἄρη.  
 Τοιγὰρ ἀπὸ κρημνοῦ πῆδημ' ἄλιαστον ὕρουσας  
 Ἐχθρῶν ἐν γαίῃ, λευγαλέω θανάτῳ,  
 Σαυτῶ μὲν κλέος ἦρον ἀμυνόμενος περὶ πάτρας,  
 Τοῖς δὲ φίλοις ἔλιπες δάκρυα καὶ στοναχάς.  
 Μοῖρ' ὀλόη, φιλέεις οὕτω τὰ περίσσεια καθαιρεῖν  
 Οὐδὲν ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἐδ' λὸνθῆῶσα μένειν.

A. S.



Or fra di nòi è stero il velo nero !  
 E a te le mani, fuor dal cieco lato,  
 Inutili porgiam. E quel mistero,  
 Le tue angoscie ed il crudel fato,  
 Restiam a piangere !

E tu sapendo più di noi, tanto !  
 Che ora pur t'è noto il sommo arcano—  
 Ci puoi sorridere, o Caro Santo,  
 Ma noi benchè lo piangere fia vano,  
 Restiam a piangere !

Benigno Core ! Tu non tornerai  
 Allor che torneranno i Vincitori !  
 Fia duro lo sfogar i nostri guai,  
 E pien le mani degli offerti altori,  
 Starem a piangere !

Che at par di lor, tu se' par degno—e quanto !  
 D'un Vincitor i lauri e le palme,  
 Ben lo sappiamo. Perdonaci intanto  
 Lo spargere le gloriose Salme  
 Col nostro piangere !

Non fia per sempre ! Ciascun la sua Croce  
 Ha da portar. Tu, con coraggio tanto !—  
 Ci sembra udirti, in lontana voce,  
 Sclamar 'Amici ! non mi son compianto :  
 Non tanto piangere !'

F. L.

IL nous manque un convive—il nous manque un ami,  
Qui dort d'un long sommeil sous un rocher sublime ;  
Tué par les bandes sauvages de l'ennemi :  
Fallait-il leur offrir une telle victime ?

Mais assez—que les larmes s'essuyent au banquet ;  
Rappelons-nous plutôt son très doux sourire,  
Sur son vaste tombeau déposons un bouquet,  
Et n'oublions jamais qu'il est mort pour l'Empire !

W. H. P.

THE blood-red dawn rolls westward ; crag and steep  
Welcome the splendid day with purple glow :  
Through the dim gorges shape and outline creep,  
And deeper seem the black depths far below.

Earth hath no wilder place, her lands among ;  
Here is no cool green spot, no pleasant thing :  
No shade of lordly bough, no sweet birds' song,  
No gracious meadows, and no flowers of spring.

The eagle builds his eyrie on these peaks ;  
Below, the jackal and hyena prowl :  
No gentle creature here her pasture seeks,  
But fiery serpents lurk, and vulture foul.

I see a figure, where the rock sinks sheer  
Into a gorge too deep for noontide sun ;  
Above, the sky of morning pure and clear —  
Others are there, but I see only one.

In Syrian robes, like some old warrior free,  
 After fierce fight a captive, so he stands,  
 Gazing his last—sweet are the skies to see,  
 And sweet the sunshine breaking o'er the lands.

Then, while the light of wrath prophetic fills  
 His awful eyes, he hurls among his foes—  
 Wild echoes ringing round the 'frighted hills—  
 A flaming prophecy of helpless woes.

Yea ; like a Hebrew Prophet doth he tell  
 Of swift revenge and death and women's moan ;  
 And stricken babes and burning pains of hell—  
 Then each man's traitor heart fell cold as stone.

And through their strong limbs fearful tremblings crept,  
 And brown cheeks paled, and down dropped every  
 head ;  
 Then, with a last fierce prophecy he leaped.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

My God ! Abdullah—Palmer—art thou dead ?

W. B.













